THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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BORAH'S FIGHT TO MAKE PROHIBITION THE BIG ISSUE

LIKE THAT DISAGREEABLE GODDESS, devoted to discord, who spoiled a pleasant Olympian wedding party by throwing down the golden apple at the dinner table and started all the woes and slaughters of the Trojan War, the Hon. William Edgar Borah seems to be insisting on throwing the Prohibition issue into the otherwise harmonious party councils, careless of what dire results may ensue. President Butler of Columbia joins with the Idaho Senator in insisting on a definite Republican stand on Prohibition, with this difference, that he would put the party on record against the Eighteenth Amendment, while Borah would have a clear declaration for it. Because of the recent outspoken talk of these two gentlemen, for the moment, at least, "the Prohibition cat is out of the bag in which party leaders have been keeping it," as one newspaper editor remarks. And, observes another, "to get the Prohibition issue out into the open is the first step toward solving it." But despite praise of such a two-fisted way of dealing with the subject, most of the editors and political writers seem to think it will take a great deal more to compel the big parties to come straight out either for or against Prohibition.

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A PRECARIOUS POSITION

Is a split inevitable?

—Morris for the Adams Service.

Senator Borah's latest speech on the subject makes him, in the opinion of the Boston *Transcript*, "momentarily, at least, the leading orator, if not figure, of the campaign." As leader of both drys and progressives, Senator Borah "would assume formidable proportions" as a Presidential candidate, the Washington *Star* thinks. That the Senator has no ambitions in this direction, the Brooklyn *Eagle* gladly concedes, but, it adds, "his ambition to be the Moses of the dry movement is unmistakable: he would lead the vast multitude of Israelites without guile out of the wilderness of Volstead verbalisms, of misconceptions, of serpent plagues, and graft revelations; he would smite the Horeb Rock and only water should flow forth; he would open the way to a real land of promise in which the demon rum would be forgotten."

"Of course it's the issue," Senator Borah told the newspaper men a few weeks ago, when he let it be known that he would launch his dry enforcement crusade in a speech in New York on November 12 under the auspices of the New York Women's Club for Law Enforcement. Borah has often appeared as a Prohibition advocate, but some of the correspondents considered this his first definite statement that Prohibition must be made a party issue. So his remarks were eagerly awaited. After a general condemnation of lawlessness in high and low places, Mr. Borah turned to a particular phase of disregard for law:

"I need not stand here and argue with you that not only is the Constitution defied, but its enforcement and maintenance have in many respects become a mere formality. And yet we are told that this is not a matter with which political parties may deal or about which they should be concerned. We are told the party which was organized for the purpose of preserving the Constitution must not at this time have any views upon that subject."

If a political party may not deal with questions involving the very framework of the Government, what excuse has it for existing? asked the speaker. As far as the Eighteenth Amendment is concerned, it is, according to Senator Borah, "either a wise provision beneficial to the people of the country and ought to be maintained and enforced, or it is an unwise provision detrimental to our people and ought to be repealed." Asserting that no party proposes to repeal it, but that it is proposed in some quarters to "disregard and defy" it, the Senator argues that:

"There is only one way by which this law can be enforced, only one way by which the Constitution can be maintained, and that is by placing the control of the machinery of government, the instrumentalities of enforcement, in the hands of those who believe in the law and who will be as vigilant and active to enforce it as its opponents are to violate it."

Since it is the duty of the Executive to enforce the Constitution, including the Eighteenth Amendment, the voters, according to the Borah theory, are rightly and necessarily interested in the views of the Presidential candidates on the enforcement of the amendment. So—

"This issue will be in the minds and upon the lips of the voters from the day the conventions adjourn until the day the polls close. Everybody, except the deaf and dumb and the candidates, will discuss it."

"This is a party government," reflects Senator Borah, and as each party organization will certainly have decided on some kind of enforcement policy by the time the election is over—

"The voters are entitled to know what that policy is before the election. I venture to say that if it is neutrality before, it will be accentuated neutrality afterward.

"A party may be for or against a proposition. But some position, some policy, some program, is essential to fair dealing with the electorate."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, has several times declared against the evasion of the Prohibition issue in the 1928 campaign. He declared in a North American Newspaper Alliance interview by Robert Barry, a few weeks ago, that "no party and no candidate will be permitted to hide

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behind a pusillanimous declaration for law enforcement," and he himself favors the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Shortly after this was published, Dr. Butler observed in a public address that "there would appear to be an almost concerted effort to creep up to the Presidential office under the cover of glittering generalities and personal friendships." And he put Prohibition first in a list of important issues upon which the American voter has a right to insist that each candidate take a definite stand.

But it is the more recent Borah speech that stirs up most of the editors. The "honest and manly note" he sounded appeals to the New York *Times*, which thinks that "irrespective of the fortunes of any candidate or any party, every attempt by Prohibitionists or anti-Prohibitionists to end this quadrennial hypocritical dodging is welcome." "In heaven's name," cries *The Nation*, "let us have some respect for mental integrity, and state, whether candidates or not, under which flag we stand." "If Senator Borah has his way"—and the New Haven *Journal-Courier* hopes he will—we shall have "a debate such as has not stirred the nation in decades, such a debate as it needs to arouse its understanding of constitutional provisions and inhibitions in behalf of the common good." A newspaper which is as strongly against Prohibition as Senator Borah is for it, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, nevertheless agrees with him that "the parties should frankly and unqualifiedly define their position on Prohibition":

"The Prohibition question is not settled. It is not a dead issue. It is the livest and biggest political issue before the country.

"The issue raised by Prohibition, the Eighteenth Amendment, and the Volstead Law, like the issue of slavery, will not be settled until it is settled right. The Eighteenth Amendment must be repealed, or at least modified into a clause enabling Congress to regulate and suppress the liquor traffic within the powers of the Government, or it will in the end be nullified. The Volstead Law should be revised meanwhile into a reasonable measure which will permit the sale of light wines and beer. That would be an experiment worth trying.

"Nothing but the rankest cowardice and hypocrisy keep the two leading political parties from making frank declarations with regard to their positions on Prohibition, on the Eighteenth Amendment, and the Volstead Law. Eventually the people will force the issue into the open. Why not now?"

And a definitely dry daily in Vermont, the Burlington *Free Press and Times*, declares that the position taken by Borah and Butler "is the right position for every thinker to take":

"Any issue which will not stand the light of day is fundamentally weak. If Prohibition will not stand discussion, it deserves to fail. If the champions of the saloon are afraid to have it lugged into the national conventions, they thereby demonstrate their distrust of their own offspring."

People who have been reading these pages carefully will remember that in September, and again in October, we presented a large number of views from political leaders, Democrats and Republicans, wets and drys, who are thoroughly convinced that the big parties can not, or, at any rate, will not, make Prohibition the paramount issue of 1928. And a general respect for Senator Borah's ability and integrity does not keep those well informed on politics from saying that he can not change the situation. According to Louis Seibold, of the New York *Evening Post*, comment upon Senator Borah's recent utterances "reflects the belief among the wets and drys in both parties that the nominating conventions next year will not adopt his suggestion."

"The Republicans expect to be dry, and to be on the side of law enforcement, but no more so than they were in 1920 and 1924," reports Mark Sullivan of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and he adds that they will expect their dryness and support of law enforcement to be taken for granted, while they stress prosperity as their campaign issue. "When the big election comes next year, the one big issue will be Prohibition, and both parties will tiptoe softly around it," says that experienced editorial commentator for the Hearst newspapers, Mr. Arthur Brisbane. That both parties will "straddle" is the assured conviction of important newspapers like the Springfield *Union* (Rep.), Boston *Post* (Dem.), Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.), Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), Tampa *Tribune* (Dem.), and *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.). As for the two great parties and their leaders in connection with this dangerous subject: "Theirs not to do and die, but to play safe," as the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) puts it. Such an avowed foe of Prohibition as the New York *World* (Dem.) is convinced that "if the choice lies between gradual nullification and the assumption by either the Republican or Democratic party of Prohibition as a supreme issue overshadowing all else, then the chances are all on the side of what we have to-day; a policy of drift and a pretense of enforcement." Senator Borah, in the opinion of the Newark *News*, is right in principle and theory. But, explains this daily:

"Political leaders must bring home the bacon or they will soon cease to be leaders. If the Democrats thought they could win by being wet, they would be wet. If the Republicans thought they could win by being dry, they would be dry. But there is a dry element in the Democratic party and a wet element in the Republican party, and each party wants all the votes it can get, whether wet or dry.

"The leaders are not wholly to blame, for the voters have not shown themselves so deeply concerned over this issue as to demand that the parties shall take a positive stand. The leaders know they can keep the parties pretty nearly intact by dodging the issue."

Similarly, the wet Baltimore *Sun* points out that while Borah is logical, politics is not:

"In the Republican party, as in the Democratic, there are irreconcilable views on the issue, and those holding them are neither willing to surrender them to a majority decision in the party nor to jeopardize chances of success at the polls by ostracizing everybody who disagrees.

"This latter attitude is not dictated wholly by political cowardice, as is frequently declared. Back of it there is the feeling that a national plebiscite on Prohibition may have little serious effect at this time in actually dictating the course of Congress. A few States can block repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Would a national verdict in favor of repeal—given by indorsement of the party and election of the Presidential candidate favoring it—persuade Kansas and Iowa, Arkansas and Georgia, Ohio and Vermont, Maine and Virginia, to vote for repeal? It is much to be doubted.

"The tragedy of the situation is that the imbedding of the Prohibition Amendment in the Federal Constitution has made repeal impossible until the American people have had fuller and more conclusive demonstration that the law can not be enforced, and that under it conditions are worse than they would be with the liquor traffic legalized and regulated. Millions do not now accept either of these propositions. While this state of mind exists, demand that they act logically is not going to force the national parties to divide unequivocally on the question."

"There is a very practical reason why Prohibition will not be made the major issue next year," W. W. Jermane tells the readers of the Seattle *Times* in a Washington dispatch:

"It would cut across existing party lines, and after the campaign was over, the Republicans would be as badly split as the Democrats were at the end of their Madison Square convention.

"Nothing good would come out of such a fight, say a number of public men with whom I have talked; instead of good, there would be a debacle that would toss the political organizations of the country upon the junk-heap. The cost would be far too great, I am told, even if a somewhat higher degree of enforcement were to follow.

"But there would be no higher degree of enforcement worth talking about, it is added, human nature and the state of public opinion being what they are. A large majority of the people are dry, at least in their voting, but an irreconcilable minority can not be whipt into line without turning the Federal Treasury over to enforcement, and creating a situation recalling some of the dark pages of medieval history.

"There is no similarity between the strategy of the slavery fight and this one, altho many drys seem to think there is.

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A REPRIEVE
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

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A 'ELL OF A 'OLE
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

"AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT"
—Marcus in the New York *Times.*

CAN BORAH CHANGE IT INTO A CAMEL?
—Jonre in the Milwaukee *Journal.*

THE LATEST DISTURBANCE IN THE POLITICAL ZOO

Slavery was localized in the South; the rest of the country was opposed to it. It was therefore easy to find a major political party willing to stand against its extension into the territories, and finally to put an end to it. But the taste for intoxicants is not localized; it exists in every nook and cranny of the country, and is inextricably mixed with the life of the people. No major party is going to take the position outlined by Senator Borah; and if the old Prohibition party were revived for that purpose, it would hardly be more important than it was during the generation of its anemic existence."

But other papers regret that Prohibition may be kept out of next year's campaign, and hope that sooner or later it can be made a real issue. In the opinion of the Boston *Globe*, the person who can make it an issue "will be doing an immense public service." The political leaders may be able to keep the Prohibition issue formally out of the next Presidential campaign, but, asks the New York *Times*, "can the people be prevented from keeping up their furious thinking about Prohibition?"

"So long as it is true that all parts of the country are taking the deepest interest in Prohibition, it will be impossible to keep that issue wholly out of the election next year. If the politicians succeed in throwing it out of the window, it will manage somehow to come back through the door."

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PUBLIC ANGER AT THE FALL-SINCLAIR MISTRIAL

IS IT POSSIBLE TO CONVICT a hundred million dollars *in our criminal courts?* This startling question makes itself heard in the angry chorus of editorial indignation aroused by the collapse of the Fall-Sinclair trial because of alleged jury tampering. If the public, as is often charged, has been indifferent, or even complacent, in its attitude toward the Teapot Dome oil scandal, that attitude seems to have undergone a sharp and dramatic change since developments compelled Justice Siddons to declare a mistrial. "All decent-minded Americans have been profoundly shocked," declares the Boston *Post.* "There can be only one satisfactory ending to the story: It must end with the clanking of prison doors on all those who have ruthlessly tampered with the processes of justice," exclaims the Brooklyn *Eagle.* "Scandal will be heaped on scandal if wealth is allowed arrogantly and corruptly to challenge the Government at the bar of justice," the Springfield *Union* warns us; and the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* sees in the situation "a threat to the nation which can not be ignored"—or which, if ignored, means "the advent of chaos." And in an article written in Washington by Paul Y. Anderson for the New York *Nation* we read:

"Fall and Sinclair were not on trial. Justice itself is on trial. The jury system is on trial. The honor and patriotism of American business and industry are on trial."

"Defrauding the Government through corruption of public officers is less heinous and less of a menace to our institutions than enfeebling the Government through the corruption of justice," declares the Newark *Evening News,* which adds: "The courts are our last bulwark; let them be undermined and we are at the mercy of the underworld." "Can you convict a million dollars?" asks the Asheville *Times;* and the Oklahoma City *Oklahoman,* as tho in answer, exclaims: "It were an amazingly feeble Government if it should find itself unable even to try men charged with fraud and corruption by our highest court." The Portland *Oregon Journal* says of men of this stripe:

"Whatever they touch they stain and corrupt. They think dirty gold will buy honor. They lack respect for the integrity of office or of courts. They would destroy the Government if they could. Anarchists, Bolsheviki, I. W. W., and thugs are high-minded citizens in comparison."

Such characters "are the worst enemies of law and order we have," agrees the Cincinnati *Times-Star.* "If the public stands for corruption of juries, it will stand for anything," declares the New York *Evening World,* which believes that "there are literally millions in America who are cynical on the subject of justic where great wealth and power are concerned." And in another issue, under the heading "The Trail of the Serpent," the same paper says:

"When it became necessary to dismiss the jury in the Sinclair-Fall case because of the alleged attempt to tamper with the jurors, we said that this presented a more sinister assault on our institutions than the transfer of the naval oil reserves.

"We learned that a corps of Burns detectives had been employed, ostensibly by Mr. Sinclair or his friends, to interest themselves in the private affairs of jurors; that daily reports were made; that these reports dealt, among other things, with the financial condition and needs of the jurors. If these things are true, it is sheer impudence to undertake to explain them away on any legitimate grounds.

"Then appeared Detective Burns with the amazing charge that the Government of the United States had attempted to tamper with jurors. No one believes for a second that the Government would undertake to influence the actions of a juror by either blackmail or bribery.

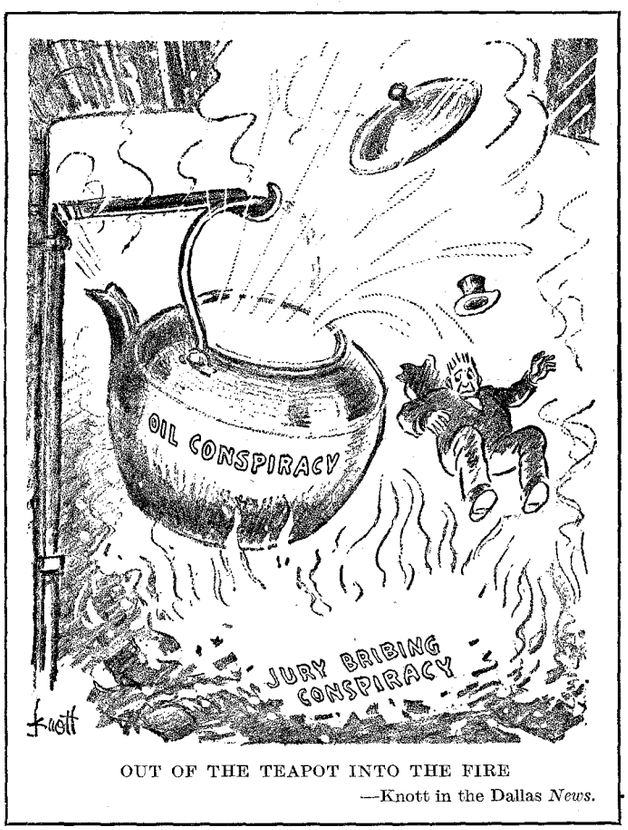
"And now comes one of the Burns detectives to declare that the Burns agency deliberately planned, in desperation we may assume, to frame the government agent through perjury.

"This detective, so the story runs, noting the work that was going on, went to former Governor Pinchot and told him the story. Advised to tell the Government, he did so and thereafter reported regularly to the District Attorney. If this man's story is true, there are cells in the Federal Prison that are fairly aching for the reception of some detectives and some of their employers.

"Detective Burns asks the public to withhold judgment until all the evidence is in; and of course it will. The Grand Jury acting upon the matter will not act until the evidence is all in. But the eyes of a hundred million people are following the evidence.

"If there is anything more infamous or destructive of all faith in government than the organized, subsidized tampering with jurors, and the free use of perjury in manufacturing evidence by paid agencies, we can not name it.

"If out of all this four-year mess no one pays a penalty, what will the man in the street have a right to think?"



OUT OF THE TEAPOT INTO THE FIRE
—Knott in the Dallas *News.*

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL
—Page in the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

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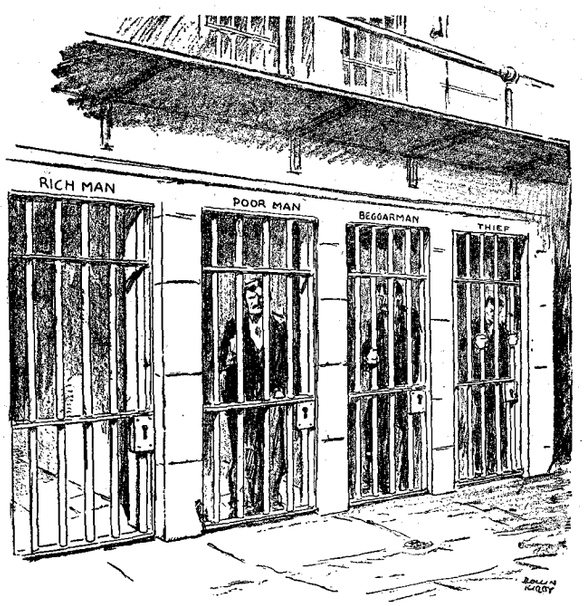
"The public wants the truth in this matter, and is solidly behind the Government in its determination to get it," says the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*. "In cases of this importance, involving the very integrity and safety of government, juries should be kept from outside contact," says the Spokane *Spokesman Review*, because—

"Men who see the prison doors yawning before them, whether they be oil magnates, high officials of government, or the big moguls of the liquor traffic, will not be scrupulous. If they can get at a jury and bribe some of its members, they will do it."

Under the heading "Sinking Lower and Lower," the Columbus *Evening Dispatch* editorializes as follows:

"The public has ceased to be much surprized at the successive revelations of fraudulent character and conduct brought to light by the oil investigation begun in the Senate under the leadership of Senator Walsh, and continued in the United States courts.

"Ordinarily, while a case is still in the courts, the careful person does not feel like expressing a decided opinion that guilt is present. When the Supreme Court, however, in a civil case based upon the same set of transactions, has most emphatically



THE EMPTY CELL

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

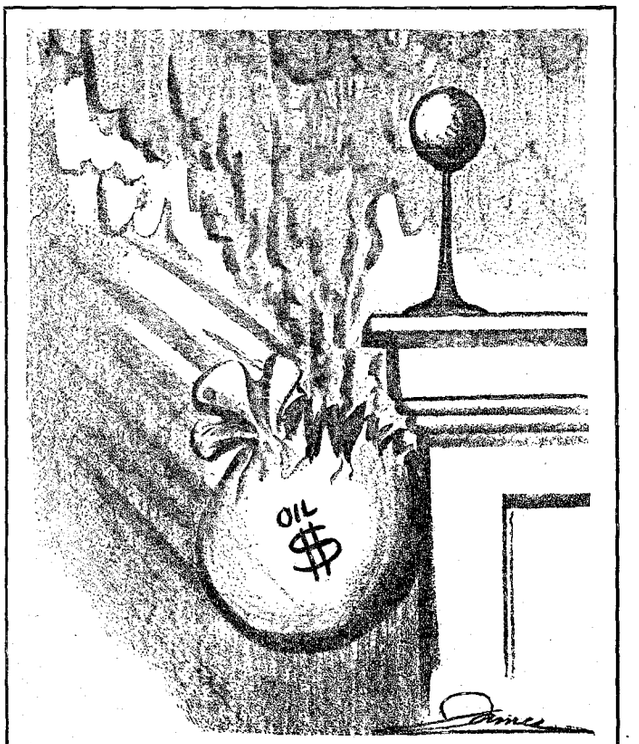
declared, in an official decision, that these transactions were permeated through and through with fraud, the ordinary citizen may consider himself as completely absolved from any further obligation to hold either his judgment or his tongue in suspense.

"The history of our Government has been stained by no worse scandal of official infidelity than that which attended the naval oil-reserve leases negotiated by Mr. Fall, while Secretary of the Interior, and no defendants under prosecution for fraud against the Government have resorted to more lawless and desperate methods to thwart the processes of justice than have those who are now on trial in the Teapot Dome case.

"It makes no difference how long it takes, or how much it costs, the Government can not afford to rest until it shall have secured justice, not only against the principals in the oil-lease frauds, but against those also who have attempted to corrupt the jury while the case was in progress, and thus forestall what they were evidently expecting to be a verdict of guilt.

"The revelation of last Saturday shows more clearly than before that the Government is face to face with a set of men who imagine that their money is sufficient to place them beyond government control or punishment. It would be disastrous to permit such an idea to be justified by the final result."

One of the jurors in the Fall-Sinclair case drew from the mistrial the lesson that "all criminal cases should be tried by judges



ANOTHER STENCH BOMB

—James in the St. Louis *Star*.

without the intervention of a jury." But "this is not the answer," says the Washington *News*, which goes on to say:

"It may seem discouraging that a Fall or Doheny goes free on a set of facts which the United States Supreme Court calmly denounces as criminal. It may seem discouraging that a very wealthy defendant may tamper with the jury. It may seem impossible, or extremely difficult, to apply the criminal code to a very rich criminal.

"But doing away with the jury system is not the remedy.

"On the whole, the jury system is a great defense to the liberties of the people—particularly poor people. It was achieved with great difficulty from the privileged classes in the olden days.

"The jury system no doubt needs overhauling. It has been neglected. It has been warped. It has been manhandled by unscrupulous judges and crafty lawyers. The machinery of selecting jurors has rusted and been debased to political uses.

"One trouble is that it is hard to get financial 'peers' (equals) for a couple of accused like Fall and Doheny or Fall and Sinclair. In the presence of these financial giants the juryman of no financial strength might be overawed, or he might be prejudiced in a hostile way, or he might be rendered hopeful of being bribed. In the ordinary jury case he is none of these.

"No. Fix up, but save the jury system."

In this connection many editorials enthusiastically endorse the recent remarks of Chief Justice Taft on the subject of securing jurors of a higher caliber than those on whom justice now too often has to depend. "There will have to be a further examination of the methods by which jurors are selected," said Chief Justice Taft in suggesting legal reforms to the National Conference on the Reduction of Crime. "The Chief Justice is right," seems to be the virtually unanimous opinion of the press. Says the New York *World:* "Something is wrong with the system. When it begins to seek persons who are qualified rather than merely eliminate those who are disqualified; when it prohibits attorneys from arbitrarily excluding those who are qualified, and deliberately filling the box with the worst material available, in the hope that it will be more gullible and more easily swayed by emotion; when it proceeds positively and not negatively, then it may begin to get results."

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ITALY ENDS POPULAR ELECTIONS

IN THE VERY LAND that originated the inspiring dictum that "the voice of the people is the voice of God," the popular voice has been reduced to a mere echo of Mussolini, according to dispatches from the city of the Cæsars, who tried the same thing long ago. These reports say that as a result of the Fascist Grand Council's recent ruling, there is to be a thorough and drastic overhauling of the Chamber of Deputies, amounting to a revolutionary change in the Government and the whole structure of the State. Hereafter only citizens who prove that they are useful factors in the life of the nation will be permitted to vote. The official Fascist newspaper, *Popolo Di Roma*, takes the view that "the sentimental and unsound ideas loosed by the French Revolution, which in turn were inspired by the American Revolution, are defunct." As the Newark *News* summarizes the dispatches explaining the "extension of the Mussolini dictatorship":

"The Chamber of Deputies will be continued, altho reduced in numbers. So far as the people are concerned, it will be stript of politics. It will be a handpicked body of Mussolini henchmen. Geographical units will be superseded by economic units. Such of the people as are certified as active contributors to the advancement of the nation will be divided into guilds or corporations, instead of States or Provinces.

"Each corporation will nominate a certain quota of candidates for the Chamber of Deputies. The Fascist Grand Council will cull these quotas, throwing out any candidates whom it does not believe to possess sufficient Fascista fervor, and filling the ticket with its own candidates.

"Mussolini and the Grand Council reserve the double right of deciding, first, whether the candidates they nominate are fit persons to be their economic representatives, and, second, whether they are politically satisfactory. Since the Grand Council is nominated by Mussolini himself, the system is merely a device for letting the people think they have some say in their own affairs."

Substantially, says an Associated Press dispatch from Rome, the reform suppresses universal suffrage and changes the function of Parliament, its electoral system, and the qualification of voters. The decisions of the Council, we are told, were:

"To unify the country's economic forces into thirteen great organizations of producers and workers.

"To form the entire nation into a single electoral college.

"To grant the right to vote only to those who, on the basis of their syndicalist contributions, show themselves to be active elements in the life of the nation, and to those who are useful to the nation collectively.

"To reduce the number of Deputies from 560 to 400.

"To continue the Senate in its present composition."

This drastic change strikes a few American editors as sound politics. In the opinion of the Detroit *Free Press*, for example:

"Mussolini wishes above all to have done with the inconvenience of multiparty parliaments, which in Italy, as over most of continental Europe, have often been more of an obstacle than a help to efficient government. . . .

"Nothing could be sounder than the Fascist contention that mere age or an ability to read and write are not the sole or even the essential requirements of good citizenship. The reform, therefore, will abandon these criterions, substituting for them a test in the civic usefulness of the individual to the State."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* also reminds us that—

"Liberal opinion in Italy has been so completely suppressed that there will be no objecting voice raised against the proposed remaking of the Chamber. Mussolini has made government more efficient in Italy than it ever was before; he has abolished so much waste, and so far advanced the national prosperity that the Italian people as a whole are well satisfied to have him wield absolute power through his Fascist organization."

The great majority of American editors, however, seem to resent the Mussolini doctrine. "Manifestly, the situation in Italy is the exact reverse of what prevails in the United States," observes the Chicago *Daily News*, and *The Journal of Commerce* of that city finds the Mussolini electoral reforms "remarkably similar to those introduced into Russia by the Bolshevists." "They come close to abolishing all the individual liberties of the Italian people," agrees the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "and bring the nation as near to pure despotism as is possible in this age." To the Washington *Post:*

"It is inconceivable that the trend can continue indefinitely. Some day Italy will awaken to the fact that the autocracy which had been wisely administered for the benefit of the nation has usurped its authority for the benefit of itself. This may not come in Mussolini's day; but when Mussolini dies, who is to take his place? What assurance has Italy that his successor will be as unselfish and as patriotic as Mussolini? There is grave danger in concentrating such absolute power in the hands of one man or one party. Italy is sowing seeds which ultimately may produce a terrible harvest."

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Does Mussolini's wife ever appear with "Il Duce" at public functions? (p. 34).
2. What nation has just launched the largest submarine in the world? (p. 12).
3. In what recent disaster did radio amateurs play a splendid part by sending warnings and handling messages? (p. 42).
4. Who is "Leonie," and why was she recently decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor? (p. 45).
5. What Italian writer has now been put forward as the author of Shakespeare's plays? (p. 23).
6. Which caused greater loss of life, the Mississippi or New England floods? (p. 43).
7. What European statesman has a peasant wife, who is now officially "Cousin of the King"? (p. 36).
8. What are the "French Pincers," and what European countries have just combined to form them? (p. 11).
9. What French statesman has proposed to the United States a mutual agreement to outlaw war? (p. 11).
10. What world-famous author describes his head as "that celebrated vacuum"? (p. 15).
11. What commodity absorbs one-sixth of the money spent in retail purchases in Syracuse, New York? (p. 54).
12. With what country is Japan said to want a political and military alliance? (p. 16).
13. What are the four major items of expenditure in American households? (p. 54).
14. In what European country is the face of Sir Austen Chamberlain used as a target in a shooting-gallery? (p. 17).
15. What is a Kolektiv? (p. 17).
16. When was the phrase "to knock out" first employed and by whom? (p. 57).
17. What European country has announced that popular elections will be abolished? (p. 10).
18. What American city claims to have outdone all others in linking art with daily life? (p. 22).
19. What American mural painter has portrayed the romance of industry in his work? (p. 22).
20. Is Fundamentalism peculiar to the South, or can it be found elsewhere in our country? (p. 26).
21. What Churches might possibly unite to-day on the basis of a common faith? (p. 28).
22. How many different species of plants have been found to contain rubber? (p. 19).
23. Is high blood-pressure a help or a hindrance to thinking and accomplishment? (p. 19).
24. What is the teletype and how is it used? (p. 20).
25. What is the effect of moving-pictures on animals to whom they are shown? (p. 21).

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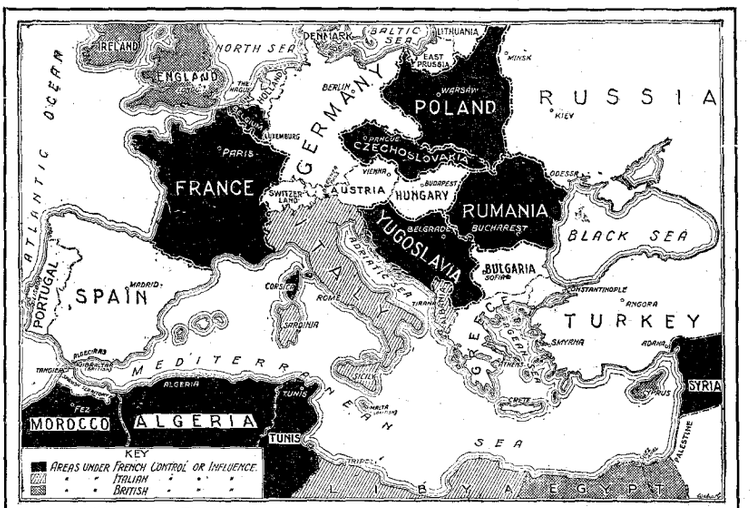
GERMANY IN THE FRENCH "PINCERS"

AN IMPORTANT DIPLOMATIC MANEUVER is seen by a number of American editors and foreign correspondents in the announcement last week that France and Jugoslavia have signed a treaty of friendship and mutual defense. Briefly, remarks the New York *Evening Post*, this marks the final phase of the Paris Government's attempt to place France "at the head of a Continental bloc powerful enough to meet any possible German aggression, and to thwart any attempt by Italy to win political control of the Balkans." In fact, to this paper, "it looks dangerously like an old-time alliance, tending to resurrect the traditional idea of balance of power."

The treaty with Jugoslavia, it seems, is similar to those which France has concluded since the war with Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Roumania. If the accompanying map be consulted, it will be noted that these countries form a pair of pincers, with the Germanic bloc lying between France and Belgium on one side; and Jugoslavia, Roumania, Czechoslovakia, and Poland on the other. For France, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "they form a basis of security from both Germany and Russia." In a London dispatch to the New York *Times*, we learn that—



Courtesy of the New York *Times*

FRANCE AND HER NEW ZONE OF INFLUENCE

Comprising the countries with which she has signed treaties of friendship and mutual defense. These are: Belgium, Poland, Jugoslavia, Roumania, and Czechoslovakia. The French zone of influence now stretches from the Baltic to the Adriatic, completely hemming in the Germanic bloc.

"France labels the arrangement as regional security compacts as approved by the League of Nations. However, not only do they give France military strength, but they also give France political strength on the continent. One glance at the map of Europe shows that the signature of the new treaty by Paris and Belgrade gives the French a zone of influence stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic."

The announcement that France and Jugoslavia have signed the treaty is significant, observes the Manchester *Union*, "because it marks the completion of a policy adopted by the French Government after the war." According to this paper:

"The French policy was to form a cordon of allied States about Germany that would serve as a buffer against hostility. With the treaty with Jugoslavia, that cordon is now complete. The German peoples in Europe are practically surrounded by France and her satellites.

"The nations of Europe may not desire war, but they are very carefully setting the stage for that disaster. There is such a thing as a war psychology, which sometimes requires years for its preparation. This mental atmosphere is one of fear, suspicion, and distrust. France's foreign policy since the war has not been suited for allaying these sentiments in her one-time enemies, and this particular move will undoubtedly tend toward the fostering of suspicion and ill-will."

Now that treaties with five European nations have been signed, observes the Albany *Knickerbocker Press:*

"It should be possible for France to view the prospect of real disarmament with more equanimity. France has continued to insist that security must precede disarmament, while offering the most eloquent tributes to the general principles involved. With these latest signatures, the Quai d'Orsay may consider its security program reasonably well completed and may begin to make good its many promises to disarm."

FOR ETERNAL PEACE WITH FRANCE

THE PROPOSAL OF Foreign Minister Briand, of France, to outlaw war through a mutual agreement between his country and the United States, promises to be a live subject in Washington this winter, says the Washington correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*. Shortly after a delegation visited the White House early this month, supporting the Briand proposal and bearing a petition signed by hundreds of prominent churchmen throughout the country, President Coolidge is said to have announced that negotiations toward a treaty to outlaw war would begin immediately after Ambassador Herrick's return to France. The President also is said to have assured the delegation that governments do not desire to go to war, but frequently are forced into it by public opinion.

M. Briand first made his proposal for the renunciation of war on April 6, the tenth anniversary of the entry of this country into the World War. No details were specified, other than that France and the United States should enter into a treaty by which neither nation would engage in war against the other. The suggestion was not made through the customary diplomatic channels. No reply was called for, it is said, and none was expected. So the proposal ended practically where it began. State Department officials pointed out that the two countries already had sufficient treaties for the purpose, and that the United States could not very well make a definite treaty with France without making similar treaties with other Powers. So the matter rested for several months. However, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"While neither President Coolidge nor Secretary of State Kellogg has exprest himself on the proposal, many unofficial proponents take the view that such a treaty would probably be the forerunner of similar treaties between other nations, and a strong contribution to the general peace of the world."

The important thing, one editor observes, is that the Briand plan apparently has been taken out of the pigeon-hole at Washington. At Nantes, France, M. Briand is quoted as saying on November 14:

"I am reproached with always bleating like a little lamb for peace, but I have thought it were better to break with certain irrational and dismal prophets and show the world that France was resolutely turned toward peace.

"However, the idea of peace does not exclude those ideas of security which arise in the thesis of peace, but it does emphasize an outlook that is pacific instead of one which embodies constant preoccupation with war. For France has nothing to gain by war, even by a new victory."

Editorial sentiment throughout the country, for and against the proposal that we enter into a treaty with France, seems to be about evenly divided. In the opinion of the Hartford *Courant*, "President Coolidge can render the cause of peace a very distinct service by submitting to the Senate a treaty to carry out the desire that is in the hearts of the French people." "If

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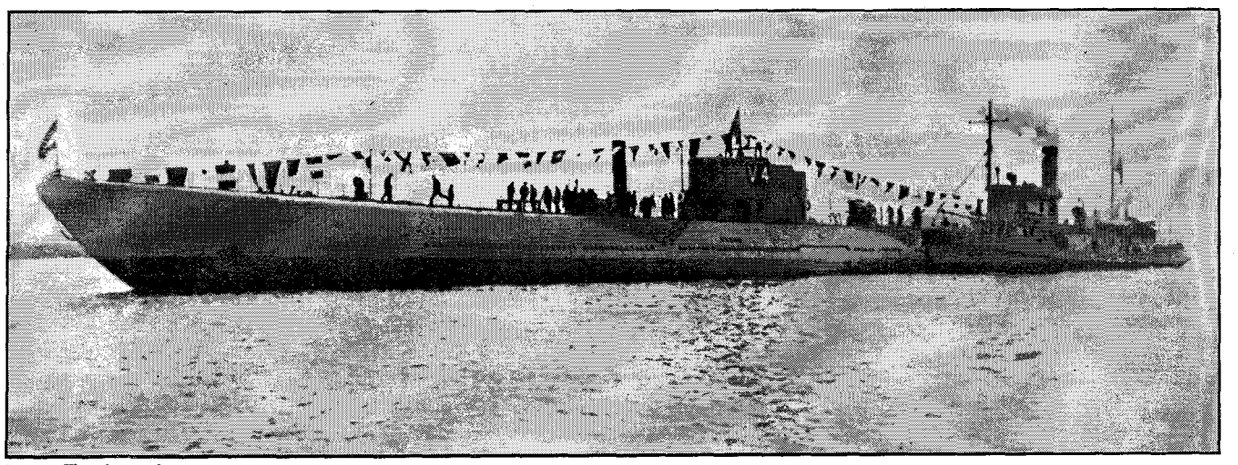

Keystone View photograph

THE *V-4* IS NOT ONLY THE WORLD'S LARGEST SUBMERSIBLE, BUT THE NAVY'S FIRST MINE-LAYING SUBMARINE

nations are agreed that war is a thing to be dreaded, and a relic of a past civilization, there should be no great danger in putting such sentiments down on paper," thinks the Washington *Star*. And, the New York *Times* reminds us:

"If favorable sentiment could be registered in the several States and at Washington by the time that the Senate meets again, it should have a most wholesome effect in preparing the way for such a treaty, not only with France, but with each one of the other Powers with which the United States already has treaties of conciliation that are soon expiring."

On the other hand, the Des Moines *Register* flatly declares that "nations are never going to avoid violent outbreaks by merely agreeing in advance." Then there is the Senate. It is not an easy matter to get any treaty through the Senate. The Briand plan, we are told, would have several millstones about its neck from the very beginning. There is, for instance, the fact that the debt agreement with France remains unratified; the fact that France did not send delegates to the naval disarmament conference at Geneva; and our recent difficulties with France over the tariff question. Then there is the additional fact, as the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* points out, that the Briand proposal was revived at the very moment that France was signing with five other European nations treaties that are designed, as the experts read them, to give her a military advantage, altho the ostensible purpose was purely economic. As the Manchester *Union* explains:

"On its face, this proposal appears commendable enough. It seems simple enough for two friendly governments to enter into a compact to keep the peace. But the relations of these two powers may be complicated by a third party. Will the United States be able to protect her interests if they are imperiled by a war between France and another Power? Or if France goes to war with another Power for reasons with which the United States does not sympathize, will such a treaty as is proposed be an embarrassment?

"These questions suggest the wide ramifications of the problem involved in the Briand proposal, and emphasize the necessity of its being given the most careful consideration."

Drew Pearson, in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington, points out two weak spots in the Briand plan:

"The well-founded fear that such a treaty negotiated with France alone would be construed as an alliance; and the belief that such a treaty would guarantee the supremacy of France on the European continent and tie the hands of the United States in case of European conflict.

"France, through the series of treaties she has been negotiating on the continent, built up a family of loyal nations, making her almost supreme on the continent. One thing only is lacking to make France absolutely supreme. The United States has the ability to turn out more munitions and more machinery of war than any other nation. With an assurance that this source of munitions would remain open to it, a nation at war in Europe would have a tremendous advantage. With this country remaining neutral, the American Navy would be used to protect American merchantmen carrying supplies to France, and risking a war with the opponent of France. Thus eventually the United States would find itself pulled into the conflict."

UNCLE SAM'S BIG NEW SUBMARINE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SUBMARINE is not to be found in the British Navy, the French, German, Japanese, or Italian; it is in our own. The *V-4*, a mine-laying type of U-boat, capable of cruising with the battle fleet, was launched on November 10, according to *The Army and Navy Journal*, and will probably be commissioned early next spring. Every effort has been made to provide comfortable quarters for the eight officers and eighty men who will maneuver this 381-foot submersible. Diesel engines of 2,800 horse-power will carry her through the water at 15 knots an hour, on the surface, and 8 knots, submerged. To quote an Associated Press dispatch from the Portsmouth Navy Yard, where the *V-4* was built:

"The largest submarine in the world was launched here to-day.

"The *V-4*, the first mine-laying submarine laid down by the Navy Department, embodies all desirable features of mine-laying submarines previously built for other navies. These will enable the vessel to lay mines in any condition in which it may be called upon to operate.

"It is designed for a maximum cruising radius and endurance to enable it to operate in conjunction with the fleet. For this reason, special attention has been paid to reliability of machinery The vessel is propelled on the surface by Diesel engines of a type that has proved very reliable. The galley and food storage arrangements are unusually complete. Cooking is done by electricity. Ample cold-storage capacity is provided.

"Corrosion-resisting steel has been extensively used for shafts and important parts of machinery working in the water. Many of the interior fittings are of aluminum, to save weight. Increased strength of important parts of the main and auxiliary machinery, with a decrease in weight, has been obtained by the extensive use of nickel steel and other alloy steels. Welding has largely been used for piping and for securing the secondary structural members.

"In an effort to make the vessel self-sustaining unusual attention has been paid to quarters for the crew. It will have apparatus for evaporating and distilling fresh water, special spaces for storage and refrigeration of consumable stores, two motor-boats, a moving-picture outfit, and a branch post-office

"Every member of the crew will have a comfortable berth and adequate locker. Sanitary facilities will be equal to those on surface ships. The radio will be of such capacity as to permit constant communication with the fleet."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

THE single-track mind is seldom well ballasted.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A MISTRIAL seems to be the result of a small body of men surrounded by oil.—*New Bedford Times.*

A LITTLE oil improves the working of most scales, but you can't say that about the scales of justice.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

"EDITOR is sent to the workhouse," says a head-line. He'll feel right at home in a workhouse.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

MOTHER writes to know what to do for a growing boy who is straining his eyes through overstudy. Our advice would be to send him to college.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

STILL, the Democrats have available numerous candidates who haven't any religion at all.—*Lincoln Star.*

MOST politicians who pretend to cultivate the farmers really only harrow them.—*Wall Street Journal.*

ABOUT the only rights an opposition candidate for President in Mexico has are the last sad rites.—*Wichita Eagle.*

AS we understand it, Bill Thompson's ambition is to make history what Ford said it was.—*Cedar Falls Record.*

AN increasing number of wrecks on the matrimonial sea is no doubt the fault of the tied.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

THE wise Republican candidate next year will make sure that his running pants are supported by the farm belt.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

BIG BILL offers $10,000 for a 100 per cent. American history. He'll have to learn Cherokee or Algonquin or something to read it.—*Dallas News.*

"BIG BILL" THOMPSON'S new 100 per cent. American club doesn't seem to be getting anywhere, and probably won't until he permits its members to wear red-white-and-blue nightshirts when they march.—*New York Evening Post.*

AN Eastern college student recently held eight baseballs in one hand. Another triumph for modern education.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

AN architect thinks that the House of Commons should have more exits. We agree; and they might also do away with some of the entrances.—*Punch.*

WE suspect that the fiction shelves of Chicago's city library contain a number of books that need burning worse than its histories.—*Des Moines Register.*

WE can't imagine what other nations mean by speaking of "lawless Americans." Haven't we got more laws than all of them combined?—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

MEMBERSHIP in Thompson's America First Foundation costs ten dollars a head. It is not required, however, that there be anything in the head.—*The New Yorker.*

A DEFAULTING New York banker jumped his bond and was rearrested in Panama, a dispatch says. The newspaper style-book editor would describe this as a dash, followed by a Colon, followed by a sentence.—*Detroit News.*

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AFTER ALL, YOU'VE KILLED IT ONLY TWO OR THREE TIMES, YOU KNOW, CAL!

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

POTASH, it is predicted, will do wonders for Palestine. Nothing is said about Perlmutter.—*Punch.*

PROSPERITY is something the business men create for the politicians to take credit for.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

WILL the G. O. P. dare nominate Hoover and thus give the impression that it is expecting a disaster?—*Washington Post.*

THE honor of a second term in Indiana depends on whether it is conferred by a majority or a jury.—*Medford (Ore.) Mail-Tribune.*

A PUBLISHER is reported as saying that people in every walk of life think they can write novels. The delusion seems to be especially prevalent among novelists.—*Punch.*

WHOEVER heads the Democratic party is only apt to swing it from the neck up.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

ALL your sins may be forgiven and never trouble you again unless you run for office.—*Nelson (B. C.) News.*

OUR system of criminal justice is not so in need of repair that it can be improved by fixing juries.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

CAL says he can find plenty to do in private life. Us Democrats wish he'd a thought of that sooner.—*Dallas News.*

A SUFFICIENT commentary on human nature is the fact that a mob never rushes madly across town to do a needed kindness.—*Bridgeport Telegram.*

A MACHINE is reported that will solve mathematical problems the human brain can not. Why not feed it the farm-relief question?—*Minneapolis Star.*

HERE we are trying to control liquor and we can't even control water. And for the matter of that, we don't seem to have much sway over oil.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE reformer who recently remarked that he could scarcely imagine a bobbed-haired angel would have to stretch his imagination still further to conjure up a bald-headed one.—*Detroit News.*

ONE advantage of being a Democrat. You have a better chance to be mentioned as a Presidential possibility.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

"DEVELOPING" the Tropics consists in making the natives work to earn money to buy the white man's goods.—*Jackson Clarion-Ledger.*

GEORGE V of England is giving boys advice about choosing careers. So far he hasn't suggested the king business.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

THE United States will build the world's greatest navy whenever somebody invents a gun that will shoot from the Coast to Kansas.—*Portland Express.*

THERE are only 20,000,000 automobiles in the United States, but why in thunder do they all get on the same street at the same time?—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

JACOB HERBERT'S police dog, Fellow, recently examined at Columbia, knows three hundred words and does exactly as he is told. If unemployed, Fellow could probably get a job as admiral under Secretary Wilbur.—*The New Yorker.*

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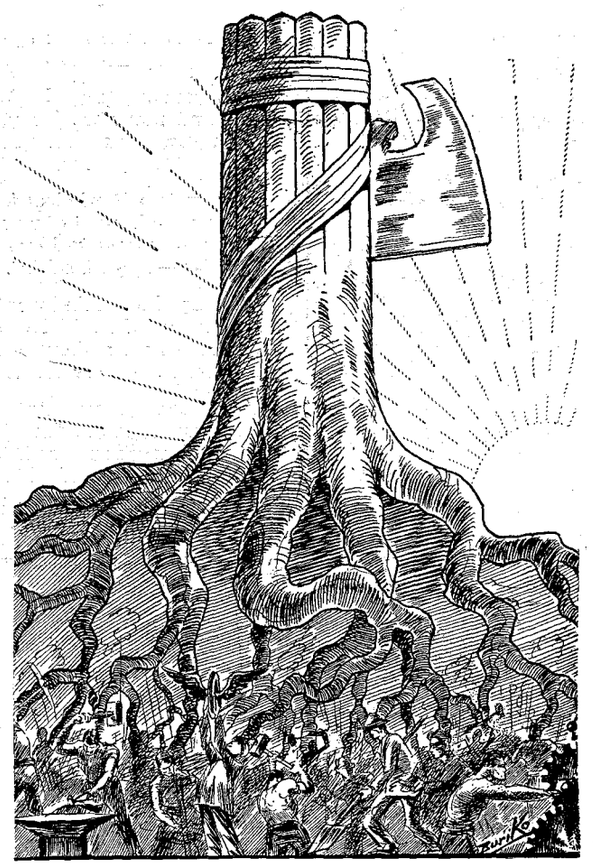
FOREIGN - COMMENT

G. B. S. AS MUSSOLINI'S CHAMPION

MUSSOLINI'S OPPONENTS outside Italy have not been fighting fair, thinks George Bernard Shaw, and that is why, after a sojourn in northern Italy, he appeared in the press with a defense of Fascism. That Mr. Shaw, whose greatest prominence at one time was due to his championing Fabian Socialism, should now champion Mussolini amazed European Socialists. Dr. Adler, leader of the Austrian



MUSSOLINI'S ARGUMENT

"Fascism is the most modern form of government because its roots spring from the laboring masses of the nation."—*Mussolini.*

—*Il 420* (Florence).

Labor party, reproved Mr. Shaw and an exchange of letters between the two has elicited copious comment in the British press, where the famous dramatist is met by both friends and by antagonists. In his letter to Dr. Adler justifying his approval of Mussolini, it seems Mr. Shaw sought to demand "common sense and common civility in dealing with a foreign statesman who has achieved a dictatorship in a great modern State without a single advantage, social, official, or academic, to assist him, after marching to Rome with a force of Black Shirts which a single disciplined regiment, backed by a competent government, could have routed at any moment." Two further passages from Mr. Shaw's letter as quoted by the London *Nation and Athenæum*, read as follows:

"Are we to give him credit for his work and admit its necessity and the hopeless failure of our *soi-disant* Socialists, Syndicalists, Communists, Anarchists, etc., to achieve it or even to understand it, or are we to go on shrieking that the murderer of liberty and Matteoti is trampling Italy underfoot?

"Because I face the facts in the full knowledge that the democratic idealism of the nineteenth century is as dead as a door nail, you say that I come dangerously near the point of view of the British ruling class. But are you not delighted to find at last a Socialist who speaks and thinks as responsible rulers do and not as resentful slaves do? Of what use are Socialists who can neither rule nor understand what ruling means?"

In all this, remarks *The Nation and Athenæum*, there is much that is characteristic of Mr. Shaw, and the comparison between "responsible rulers" and "resentful slaves" strikes a familiar note. But there is something that is highly uncharacteristic also, according to this weekly, which proceeds:

"We have come to expect from him a core of fundamental good sense, of a sort that is apt to be neglected and needs emphasizing, enclosed in some superficial nonsense. But in his *apologia* for Fascism the perversity is fundamental, and it is wrapped up in a few truths which are not only superficial but almost wearisomely commonplace.

"That Mussolini's seizure of power was a 'remarkable' achievement, that it is sufficient to prove that he must be a remarkable man—who denies it, who doubts it, who has not read it and heard it and said it more times than he can remember? That the first duty of a government is to govern, that the supreme law is the safety of the State, and that a threat of anarchy justifies strong measures, are again among our most familiar political platitudes. The question is whether the state of disorder in Italy before Fascism was so serious, and so incurable by ordinary means, as to justify the very exceptionally strong measures taken by Mussolini, and the peculiarly intolerant nature of the Fascist régime."

The Fascist régime in Italy, we are told then, violates principles of political wisdom which are far older and more firmly established than any "shibboleths" of the nineteenth century. In support of this statement this London weekly contends that

"In the first place, it denies the elements of what our ancestors, centuries ago, used to know and prize as 'civil liberty.' And civil liberty, even tho men may only realize its value fully when it is denied them, is a very real and important thing, which, indeed, no society, except one of 'resentful slaves,' can long endure to be without. A healthy State requires not only 'responsible rulers,' but a public opinion in which the temper of responsible rulers is widely diffused. It is one of the solid virtues of democratic institutions that they give us this. But a responsible public opinion is an impossibility when the press and public discussion are stifled as they are in Italy, and a state of terrorism is established such that no man will lightly venture an opinion on any public matter to a stranger. No régime under which men are afraid to speak their minds freely to one another can remain for long even efficient; nor can it ever be stable or secure. Nor again—and this is the point of most concern to the outside world—can it find it easy to live in peace with its neighbors. Mussolini's prestige depends on his appeal to the national pride; and Fascist Italy constitutes to-day one of the most serious perils to the peace of the world."

The mere riot of contradictory views about Mussolini does perhaps of itself guarantee him his place in history, according to the London *Evening Standard*, and it goes on to say that a man about whom so many different opinions can be held, and all of them so vehemently, is a remarkable phenomenon in virtue of that fact alone. Yet this daily adds:

"But to admit so much does not take us very far. The real man is still there, but, it seems, invisible to all of us. Will

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history see him more clearly? And, if so, what sort of man will it see?"

A supporter of Mr. Shaw's judgment of Mussolini is Sir Leo Chiozza Money, to whom the London *Daily News* granted space in its columns for an expression of his personal views, which read in part as follows:

"Recently a good friend of mine, to whom I was holding forth on the subject, lamented that I was the third of his friends—the other two he named being quite eminent persons—who had come back declaring Italy not to be so much enslaved as contented, prosperous, and of good heart.

"Indeed, I am a little puzzled to know why the English people should be told to accept the version of a few virulent politicians rather than that of the mass of the Italians.

"The simple fact is that Italy has accepted a national leader by a majority so overwhelming that Mussolini may justly claim to enjoy a wider suffrage than any other politician in the world. To make the stock reply: 'Then why does he not go to a democratic general election?' is to ignore the nature, methods, and results of so-called democratic elections, with their hole-and-corner selections of candidates, and their resultant 'oppositions' cherishing the fatal and maleficent doctrine that 'the duty of oppositions is to oppose.'"

Mr. Shaw himself, in a letter to the Manchester *Guardian*, answers the charge of Signor Salvemini, a famous Italian opponent of Fascism, that when in Italy he associated exclusively with Fascist Diehards, "whose enthusiasms entered without resistance into that celebrated vacuum, my head." He declares that those he did meet in Italy were mainly famous artists who "tolerated politics and politicians as uncongenial necessities of bourgeois civilization, itself a highly questionable and unsatisfactory institution." He then avers that—

"Mussolini will never get rid of poverty and unemployment, of which he has first-hand knowledge, unless and until he breaks the control of *laissez-faire* capitalism. Also, since he is bound by the Treaty of Versailles to maintain that wicked military frontier on the Brenner Pass, it would be well for him to make up his mind that Italy can not do in the Tyrol what the British Empire could not do in Ireland or even in Wales. He must make the Tyrol a Free State on the Irish model within an Italian Commonwealth.

"And, as he can not do everything himself and can not live for ever, nor even feel sure that he may not have to end his days in St. Helena or Chiselhurst, he will have to provide against the liability of Fascism to putrefaction when the Mussolinian heart ceases to beat. Somebody must elect the future Mussolinis, and it had better not be a sham Pretorian Guard. Cæsarian theocracies will not wash nowadays: they all come to some sort of parliamentary complexion at last.

"Meanwhile I do not intend to make 'Mussolini's job' any harder by futile ink-slinging. Signor Salvemini says this is because I do not understand it. Perhaps not; but what I do understand is that you can not dispose of the Fascist State in Italy by Matteoti and Amendola any more than you can dispose of the State of Massachusetts by Sacco and Vanzetti, or of Germany by Nurse Cavell and the *Lusitania*, or of the British Empire by the bombardment of Dublin and the murder of Sheehy Skeffington. When Signor Salvemini realizes that I am in full reaction against these futile recriminations and their pretense to be serious politics he will find some better explanation of my unexpected attitude than that I am a tourist dazzled by a palatial hotel. In England we tell that sort of thing, not to the Manchester *Guardian*, but to the Marines."

JAPAN'S WISH FOR CHINA'S FREEDOM

AS LONG AS CHINA'S DESTINY is also Japan's destiny, says a Japanese authority, it is of the highest importance that China should be rid of its present political chaos. China may be able to get along without Japan, he admits, but adds that it is exceedingly doubtful whether Japan can work out her salvation or maintain her existence without China. This is the view of S. Komura, exprest in the Tokyo *Chowo Koron*, as he asks the question: "What does Japan wish China to do?" In answer he declares that Japan wants China to achieve precisely what China herself aims at, namely, the attainment of political freedom and independence. Yet he points out that:

"To achieve her freedom and independence, China must first of all bring about the peaceful unification of herself. She must establish her domestic government, organize herself into a modern State. To this end, Japan sympathizes with the nationalist revolution as an inevitable move, and gives to it her moral support."

Adachi photograph

TEAMWORK BETWEEN JAPAN AND CHINA

A group of young Chinese officers sent to Japan to become students in Japanese military academies.

Mr. Komura is strongly opposed, and, naturally enough, it seems, from the Japanese standpoint, to any action taken by the Japanese toward helping the northern militarists. Also, he continues, anything that might be interpreted as interfering with the domestic affairs of China by Japan should be studiously avoided. It is his belief that Japan's attitude and actions toward China should always have one object in view, namely, China's attainment of political freedom and independence as soon as possible. Toward this end, he tells us, Japan should take a leading part in helping China to get rid of the unequal treaties and to recover her tariff autonomy, provided always that Chinese endeavors in these two matters are always lawful and peaceful. We read then:

"But to gain these ends, one thing is essential: China must unify herself so that she can speak and act as a united nation. That, therefore, is the first thing Japan wishes China to do. After that Japan should do her utmost to assist China in gaining her international rights and status due her.

"All this is the ideal longing of Japan for China. It is also the ideal goal of the people of China. In the great fundamentals, our two peoples agree entirely. In the realm of principles and ideals, there is no reason for conflict whatever. But, unfortunately, nothing is farther from existing facts and conditions

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in China to-day than these ideal wishes and aspirations of the two peoples. Yet one should not be too severe in judging China, especially Japan should not. Japan struggled with similar problems and situations through which China is passing to-day. And it was not so long ago—for it was in those bitter days preceding and following the restoration of the Imperial Family to power. Therefore Japan should deal with China with sympathy and understanding, and assist her with the fruit of her own experiences. And doing this, she would gain much. For if she succeeds in working hand in hand with China, they can together show a united front against the aggressions of the White Powers. Such cooperation would give a new life to the peace and civilization of the whole world.

"But in the light of present facts, Japan and China stand very far apart. China is constantly causing no little trouble to Japan by her anti-Japanese agitations and violence. This is no recent development. Indeed, for years, Japan found, to her sorrow, that she could not depend on China. Japan could have avoided many expensive wars in the past, such as the Chinese and the Russian wars, if the two countries had had political understanding and cooperation between them, and also if they had had the will for the joint maintenance of Far Eastern peace. If they had such an understanding, there would have been no use for the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. But always China forced Japan to fight for the peace of the Far East single-handed. Not stopping there, China always proved herself a source of trouble for Japan, and forced her to equip herself with big expensive measures and machinery of defense—a terrible burden on her back. The reason why Japan has not thrown away this burden is because she does not quite know what might happen in a near future. She is nervous, and with good cause. Japan within her own boundaries does not produce enough foodstuffs for her people. She has not enough raw materials for her essential industries. Her army and navy people, therefore, think it an imperative duty, and a matter of paramount importance to keep open a path between continental China and Japan.

A BRITISH JIBE

Chinese politics is "One dam Ching after another."

—*The Star* (London).

"Japan wants nothing better than a political and military alliance with China which would insure her against trouble. But Japan knows that such an alliance is utterly out of the question with China as she is to-day. Therefore, the one thing that Japan wishes and hopes to see China do is to realize the aspirations of her national revolution so that she will be a united nation and thus able to put a stop to all lawlessness—the anti-Japanese agitation among others."

From the economic point of view, Mr. Komura shows how important China is to the very existence of Japan, because of China's wealth of iron, coal, salt, cotton, and even fertilizer. Japan imports from Manchuria 100,000,000 bean cakes annually for that purpose. Her rice, wheat crops, her mulberry leaves, on which silkworms feed, are all dependent on this imported fertilizer.

We read further that the beans used for the manufacture of fermented bean-paste called *miso* and the *shoyu* or soy sauce—two articles of food even more essential to the Japanese than milk and butter are to the American—are largely made from the imported beans. China, it seems, moreover, is Japan's most important market for her manufactures.

BRIGHT SIDE OF EASY PAYMENTS

REPLYING TO AN ATTACK made on the instalment system of buying, in a speech delivered by Britain's Minister of Overseas Trade, Mr. A. M. Samuel, a contributor to the London *Evening Standard* warmly defends the instalment system as being a boon to the man of moderate means, whom it provides with immediate comfort, where otherwise he would have to endure years of pinching. In Mr. Samuel's speech he exprest satisfaction that Britain was carrying on trade without the "drug" or "dope" of the instalment system, tho he admitted that it seems to be part of the basis of prosperity in some other countries. But at the same time he charged that it increases the sale of non-productive luxuries. *The Evening Standard*'s contributor, "A. A. B.," offers a concrete instance in support of his argument in favor of the instalment system:

"A friend of mine, a young man with a wife and daughter, who was employed as a secretary of companies, confided to me that he was thoroughly sick of living in boarding-houses and cheap hotels. He was determined to make a push for a home. He found a newly built house in the suburbs, with small garage and tennis-lawn, price $5,750, lease ninety-nine years, with $60 ground rent. By paying $750 down he became at once the master of this villa, and contracted with the building society to pay the purchase money by instalments spread over, I think, six years. How long would it have taken him to save $5,000 out of his salary by great care and thrift? Certainly five or six years, dreary years, without a garden, in the exhilarating surroundings of a private hotel. The instalments which he pays for immediate comfort are, like insurance premiums, compulsory thrift.

"Or take motor-cars, of which hundreds of thousands are sold on the instalment system. How long will a man with a salary, say, of $4,000 or $5,000 have to pinch and wait before he can put down $1,250 for a flivver? Three or four years of health and happiness in the open air will be lost unless he has the pluck to make a written contract with the seller to pay so much a year until the car becomes his. Exactly the same principle applies to smaller articles, such as pianos, gramophones, radios, etc."

Of course, it is admitted that, like everything else, the instalment system may be abused, this writer goes on to say, and in England some years ago it became "a form of usury or blackmail practised by knaves on fools." Tho he suggests that everybody should submit instalment contracts to a lawyer or accountant before signing, he adds that "this form of cheating has been so exposed and punished in our police courts that it has practically disappeared." Nobody denies that instalment purchases may be overdone and lead to financial trouble, but he adds:

"I have seen several financial crises both here and in the United States. But the crashes have been due, not to the extravagance of the small people, but to the reckless speculation or overproduction of the big interests. Profound as is my respect for Mr. A. M. Samuel's knowledge of currency, high finance, and manufacture, I can not help thinking that 'tick,' like some gadfly, has driven him into denouncing a system of credit which has been found convenient to the modern world and has assisted in spreading the enjoyment of luxuries amongst millions."

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RUSSIA'S WELCOME TO A BRITISHER

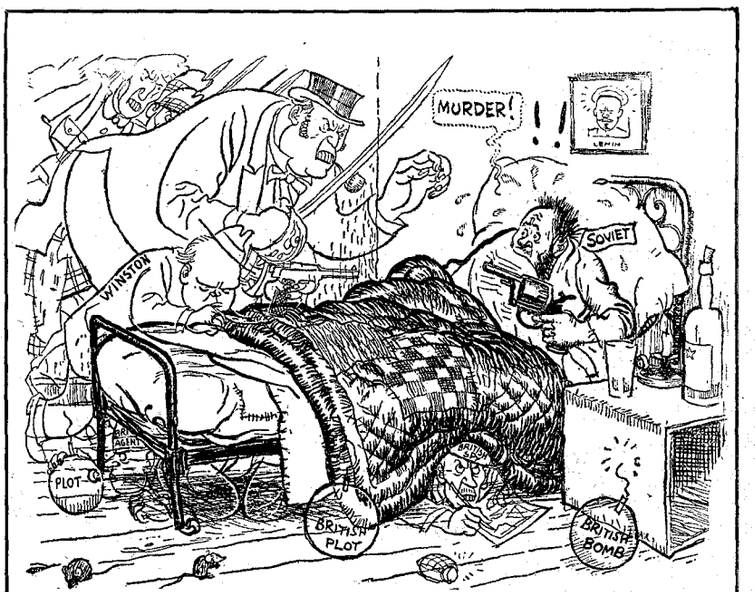
SAVAGELY HOSTILE POSTERS attacking Great Britain and beaming smiles of good-will from the people formed the strangely contrasting welcome a British visitor re- c ved in Russia. The visitor was Charles Roden Buxton, who tells his story in a Labor organ, *The New Leader* (London), and he declares at the outset that his object in visiting Russia was not so much to make political inquiries as to get to know Russia and the Russian people. He endeavored to see as many people as possible, and altho, as he admits, he was able to talk but little Russian, he has sufficient command of the language so that he could get about without guides or interpreters. He tells us:

"We traveled in a more or less democratic style, finding out the humbler restaurants, traveling in the 'hard' as well as the 'soft' railway carriages (there are no firsts, seconds, or thirds), picnicking off eatables purchased in the markets, and, incidentally, staying for four days in a country village some forty miles south of Nijni Novgorod.

"One of the most attractive things about the Russian people is that, so far from having any dislike of foreigners, they delight in meeting them. To say you are a foreigner is an immediate passport to their kindly interest—almost, one might say, to their affection.

"The question was almost invariably asked, 'What country do you come from?'—but if by any chance it was not asked, I always took care to explain that we came from England. I was particularly anxious to see what would be the attitude toward English people of the population in general—shopkeepers, artizans, railway and tramcar and steamer employees, newspaper sellers in the streets, keepers of fruit-stalls, clerks in banks, teachers in schools, Commissars in their offices.

"It might fairly have been expected that the campaign now being conducted against Britain, or at least against the British Government, would have had an effect. There is such a campaign, and it is a very vigorous and intensive one. Many people in authority believe sincerely that war against Russia, stimulated and promoted by Britain, is imminent. Others believe this to be a hallucination; this, in fact, is one of the chief quarrels between the Majority and the 'Opposition' in the Communist party. A great many, of both schools, probably think that the fear of external attack, whether well-grounded or not, is a convenient means of rallying the people, as it always does in similar cases, around the Government of the day."



A BAD ATTACK OF THE "D. T.'S"

"Russia is at present seeing terrible British plots threatening him everywhere."
—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff).

But whatever the explanation, the fact of the campaign remains, we are told, and its main instruments are posters and the press. On one of the Volga steamers there was a very large and elaborate poster in a most conspicuous position, Mr. Buxton relates, and the left-hand side of it was red, while the right was yellow. The one represented the deeds and achievements of Russia, the other those of Britain. He informs us also that there were scenes and portraits of all kinds, with elaborate descriptions attached, "assuming a considerable amount of political knowledge," and he continues:

"There were accounts of the landing of the British troops at Murmansk in 1918; of the setting up of a sham Russian Government at Archangel; of the shooting of Commissars by British troops in 1919, during the time of their occupation of Baku; of the murder of the Ambassador Vorovsky in Switzerland by 'English mercenaries' [*sic*]; of the murder of the Ambassador Voikov in Poland 'ten days after the English intervention' (i. e., the breach of relations with Russia). England was described as the supporter or 'fomenter' of a world war against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. There were pictures of Curzon, of Lloyd George, and of Chamberlain, with a description of Curzon's 'Ultimatum' in 1921. The action of the Labor Government of 1924 in recognizing Russia and concluding a treaty with her was mentioned in an appreciative manner; but, on the other hand, J. R. MacDonald was described as 'an extreme opportunist, and a social traitor.'

"The general indications given by the posters are driven home by a constant succession of articles in the press—articles which often display a minute knowledge of the foreign situation, and which point the moral by ingeniously tracing connections between the detailed events of the day and the broad assertion that Britain is creating a 'bloc' against Russia.

"There can be no doubt that among the masses these things are very generally believed, as matters of cold fact. The special hostility of the British Government is normally taken for granted. One of the most amusing sights at a large Workers' Club in the suburbs of Moscow was the shooting-gallery, in which a prize might be won by a successful shot at one of three targets—a Czarist general on the right, a bloated capitalist on the left, and in the middle Austen Chamberlain. In each case the wide-open mouth was the bull's-eye."

The interest in military affairs, this informant avers, is traceable to the idea of the urgent necessity to prepare for defense. At the Workers' Club just mentioned, he relates, there were lectures on the next war, on military affairs, on the detailed methods of defense against air attack, and so forth, and there was a so-called "military pavilion" in which instruction was given to civilians in the use of weapons and defensive devices. In view of all this, it is said, one would have thought that at least occasionally there would be harsh words spoken, or at any rate some coldness in manner.

This writer recalls that he has experienced such things both in France and Germany at different times when "our respective rulers" were railing at each other across the frontiers whether in the newspapers or on the platform. But it seems that in Russia—

"It was the more significant to find that there was absolutely nothing of the sort. Whether the poster and press propaganda in Russia is beginning to lose its power of stirring the emotions—after the prolonged, deliberate and energetic use to which it has been put—or whether the Russians are so unusually clear-headed as to distinguish readily between governments and peoples, I can not say.

"The fact remains that, when we said we were English people, their faces only beamed the more. One street-seller, it is true, vigorously disputed my statement that I thought the British people would not allow their Government to drag them into war with Russia; and a member of a 'Kolektiv' (co-operative farm) wanted to know why we did not 'overthrow' Chamberlain. But even this was done with smiles and geniality."

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SCIENCE · AND · INVENTION

EDISON HUNTING FOR RUBBER IN WEEDS

THOMAS A. EDISON, AT EIGHTY, is beginning a new line of research. Rubber—"the most complicated problem I have ever tackled," he told Frank Parker Stockbridge—is the objective of this investigation, begun at a time of life when most men have long since retired, when few are still able to work at all. Edison told Mr. Stockbridge what he is doing, how he is doing it, how he came to undertake it, and Mr. Stockbridge, in turn, tells the public in the pages of *Popular Science Monthly* (New York, December). He writes:

"'The United States never has and never will have on hand enough rubber to run the country for more than a year,' Edison told me. 'Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, and I were considering what this country would do in case of a war which cut off our rubber supply. Don't make any mistake about that war; it will come. We may run along for a good many years without it, but sooner or later the nations of Europe will combine against the United States. The first thing they will do will be to cut off our rubber supply.

"'We decided that the thing for us to do was to find a source of rubber, so that we can produce it quickly right here at home. And that is what I am working on now.'

"'You are not interested in rubber as a commercial product, then?' I asked.

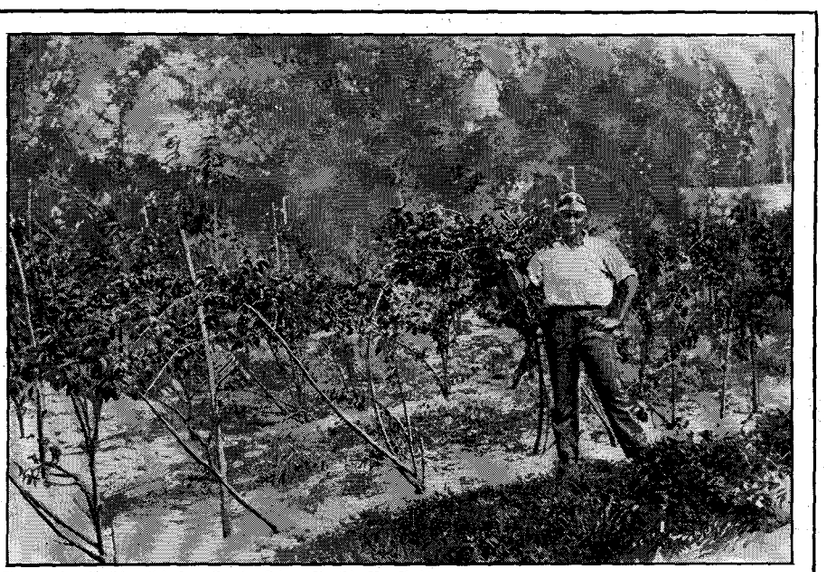
"'Not at all,' replied Mr. Edison. 'Please get that right. What Ford, Firestone and I are doing is—well, I call it a 'stunt' —something in which there is no possible profit for us. We can't compete commercially with the tropics in the production of rubber.'

"Edison and his friends, Ford and Firestone, have been experimenting for several years on their southern Florida lands with the cultivation of the standard varieties of rubber-trees and plants, and with numerous substandard kinds. For forty years Mr. Edison has been developing at his winter home at Fort Myers, Florida, the most complete garden in existence of tropical and subtropical vegetation; on Mr. Ford's 18,000 acres at La Belle, near by, rubber-trees of every known sort have been growing for ten years and more. And—'we can't compete with the tropics in commercial rubber,' says Edison.

"'The home of rubber is in the tropics,' he went on. 'The wages on the plantations are thirty cents a day. The commercial production of rubber from the trees which constitute the principal source of it, requires an immense amount of labor. American workmen can't and should not be asked to work for the low wages necessary to make commercial rubber cultivation possible.'

"'So commercial rubber in the United States in competition with tropical rubber is out of it, except for a limited amount of guayule rubber produced in California.'

"'But all the guayule rubber grown in the United States will not provide a large enough supply in case of war. We use nearly four hundred thousand tons of rubber a year, and it all comes from the tropics, except what I have just spoken of. In time of peace that is all right. Some of the rubber plantations are owned by American capital, and more will be. So long as we can run our ships without interference, we can get all the rubber we want at a fair price.'



Photographs with this article from *Popular Science Monthly* (New York)

SOME OF THE RUBBER MR. EDISON IS RAISING IN FLORIDA

A scene on the Edison farm at Fort Myers where Mr. Edison is growing every kind of rubber plant and possible rubber-producing plant obtainable.

"Rubber for war—that is the economic need which has spurred Edison to his latest inventive effort. Edison, Ford, and Firestone worked out the definite objective to be pursued by comparison with existing standards.

"'What we must find is something which will give an adequate supply of rubber at a price of around two dollars a pound,' Mr. Edison told me.

"'That would be a high price in peace time, but not in time of war. We paid as high as a dollar and a quarter only two or three years ago, and nobody stopt buying tires.

"'To get rubber at two dollars means doing everything by machinery. The rubber-tree has to be tapped and a small amount of latex collected by hand each day. That alone would eliminate the rubber-tree, even if climatic reasons did not.'

"'Those considerations don't eliminate the guayule, tho,' I suggested, for guayule rubber is produced almost entirely by chemical or mechanical labor-saving processes.

"Instead of yielding a sap, or latex, like the rubber-trees of the tropical plantations, the guayule shrub, not much more than a foot high and producing more than ten per cent. of its weight in dry rubber, contains the gum in all of its cells except the wood of the trunk. The bark and roots contain the most. The shrubs are uprooted, washed and ground, and the rubber is then either dissolved out by a secret chemical method or by the mechanical agglomeration of the particles.

"Mechanization has made it possible for guayule rubber to compete with imported rubber; and there are authorities that say more than 130,000 square miles of desert land in California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas will grow guayule. But Mr. Edison negatived my suggestion.

"'Not enough of it, and it takes too long to mature,' he said 'They had a lot of trouble getting it to adapt itself to California conditions. And we can't wait for war to begin before starting guayule plantations. It takes five years for the shrub to grow large enough to make it worth while.

"'We must find something which will produce enough rubber, within a year after the beginning of war, to replace the year's supply which we normally have on hand; something which won't be occupying valuable land meantime, or tying up capital, or requiring a continuous expenditure of money without any return.'

"'Something like a wheat crop?' I asked.

"'Exactly,' Mr. Edison answered. 'An annual crop, something which the farmer can sow in the field, by machinery, which will come to maturity in eight or nine months, which can then

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be harvested by machinery, and from which rubber can be obtained by processes almost entirely mechanical, with the least amount of hand labor.

"'The first thing is to find out everything everybody else knows and begin where they leave off. So I started by reading every book, pamphlet and document of every kind that I could lay my hands on, that had anything to do with rubber. It is a very large subject. I am still going through the books.'

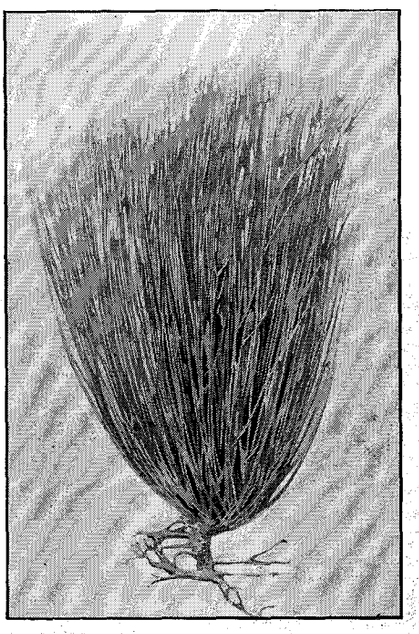
"First the theoretical knowledge, then the experiments. Mr. Edison was not ready to talk about the experiments. To my question whether he had found any plants which seemed to come anywhere near meeting the requirements which he had described, his reply was evasive. 'We have only just begun,' he said, and I had to go to other sources to learn about the specimens his explorers are bringing from every part of the world outside of the tropics."

Just as he did when seeking a fiber to make a filament in the incandescent electric light, Mr. Edison has sent and is still sending out expeditions to find every plant which yields anything like a rubber gum, and bring to the laboratory a sufficient quantity for experiment. Only last September he sent a man to South America. One "caravan" left a few weeks earlier for a year's tour of our desert regions; others are scouring Europe, Asia, and Africa. Hundreds of specimens have been received, and experts under Mr. Edison's direction are testing them for rubber content and trying to devise ways for its economical extraction. We read further:

"More than 250 different species of plants, many that can be sowed and reaped in the same year, have already been listed in the Edison laboratories as containing measurable amounts of rubber. Some already hold out promise of becoming, through breeding and selection, the thing for which Edison, Ford, and Firestone are looking.

"The most promising are of the milkweed family.

"So the big job Edison at eighty has tackled is already well under way. There is still an immense amount of work to be done, for the efficient and economical method of extracting the rubber on a large scale, by machinery, is yet to be devised. And Edison, working twelve to fourteen hours a day at the job, promises to keep at it 'at least until I have found all there is to know about rubber.'"



HE MAY MAKE RUBBER OUT OF THIS

This broomlike plant is the leafless desert milkweed, which has been found in the Edison laboratories to contain 5 per cent. of rubber. When the tops are cut off new shoots sprout.

HIGH BLOOD-PRESSURE AS AN AID TO EFFICIENCY—High blood-pressure may be, as physicians contend, a sign of danger to individual health, but from the view-point of the social biologist it indicates a short life but a useful one. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"This revolutionary opinion was exprest, before a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, by the English biologist, Dr. J. B. S. Haldane of Cambridge University. If the human body is considered as a machine, which modern biologists insist is true of its physical portion, whatever may be believed of the mind, the efficiency of this machine depends, Dr. Haldane pointed out, upon the rate of circulation of the blood, bringing food and oxygen to the living cells that compose the body. If the average blood-pressure is high the supply of food and oxygen is greater, the body operates at a faster rate, efficiency is increased. Other things equal, a person will think faster, work faster and accomplish more in an hour when his blood-pressure is high than when it is low. Dr. Haldane did not deny that some organ of the body might be 'burnt out' more quickly, thus shortening life, but he believes that people with high blood-pressure may do more work of value to the world in short and active lives than low-blood-pressure people accomplish in longer and slower ones."

INTERNATIONAL REBROADCASTING

THIS SERVICE, HERETOFORE available only from the United States to other countries is now a two-way service, we are told by W. T. Meenam, of the General Electric Company, in a press bulletin issued by the Company (Schenectady, N. Y.). On October 27 and 28, WGY, the Company's station at Schenectady, picked up and rebroadcast station 2FC of Sydney, Australia, 9,970 miles away. Music carried on the late evening program of the Australian station became breakfast-hour music for WGY's audience. The signals started off in the springtime and reached Schenectady in the fall, but in spite of the difference in season, WGY's audience heard from 7:50 to 8:30 A. M., on Thursday, the music which Sydney listeners were getting between 10:50 and 11:30 that night. He goes on:

"In May of this year WGY broadcast a series of early-morning programs for Australian and New Zealand listeners. These were carried on two short-wave stations. Martin P. Rice, manager of broadcasting for the Company, addrest the Far-Eastern listeners, extending to them the greetings of the United States. Five Australian stations picked up the short-wave signals and rebroadcast them. Reports indicated that the rebroadcast signal was exceptionally clear and fortunately free from static and fading.

"The success of this broadcasting delighted the Australians, but left their technical man dissatisfied. The picture couldn't be complete until the courtesy could be returned. A few weeks ago the chief engineer of Amalgamated Wireless, Ltd., of Sydney, notified the management of WGY that test programs would be transmitted on 28.5 meters, and they asked the Schenectady engineers to rebroadcast if possible. Signals on the first morning were unsatisfactory, but on October 27, voice and music were coming through so well that WGY went on the air with the rebroadcast entertainment for forty minutes. There was some static, and the fading surge was present at all times, but the signal was never inaudible.

"Just before the sign-off at 11:30 P. M., Sydney time, a male quartet sang 'The More We Are Together, the Merrier We'll Be,' and in that song forecast what may ultimately prove the highest mission of radio, the promotion of international understanding.

"In transmitting these signals, WGY has established an American record in rebroadcasting. Two years ago a station of the British Broadcasting Company was picked up in the United States and rebroadcast by WJZ and WGY, but this is as far as rebroadcasting of foreign stations had gone in this country.

"The signals of the European and other foreign stations were not strong enough for rebroadcasting purposes. Now, however, there is a trend toward the short waves in other countries. Station PCCJJ of Eindhoven, Holland, is using a short-wave station that has reached out well, and AGA, a German station working on fourteen meters, has been heard occasionally in the United States.

"Perth, Australia, over 11,000 miles away, has picked up the Schenectady stations and rebroadcast. Last winter a half-hour from WGY was a program feature of the British Broadcasting Company, every Tuesday night for several weeks. Stations in South America, Germany, Spain, and France have all carried WGY's programs.

"Engineers are hopeful that the management of 2FC may be interested in carrying a special program for the United States at an hour when more listeners will find it convenient to be at their radio sets. This would mean that Australia must start its program about 6:00 A. M."

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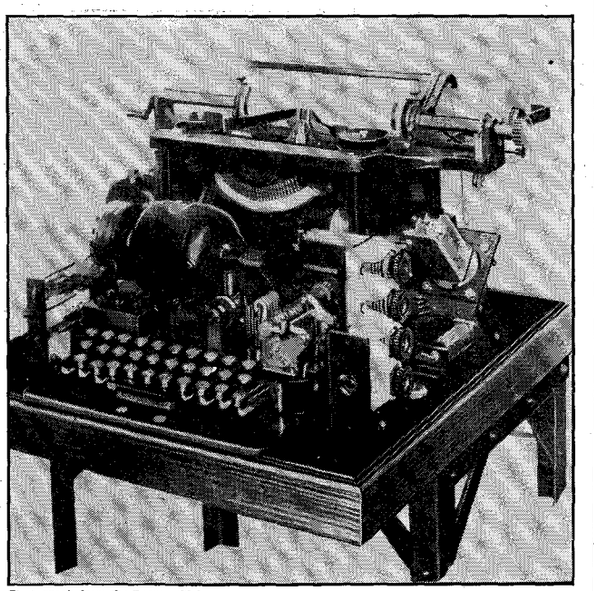
RADIO BY TYPEWRITER

THE TELETYPE OR TELEGRAPH PRINTER has now been adapted to radio transmission and reception, so that wireless messages may be sent by the manipulation of a typewriter keyboard, and received at a distant point automatically in printed form. Says a writer in the Boston *Globe*:

"Successful experiments have been conducted between the Bureau of Standards at Washington and the Naval Research Laboratory, wherein a radio transmitter on the ground was controlled by a modified teletype, and messages issuing therefrom were automatically copied by means of receiving apparatus operating on an airplane in flight.

"This demonstration is responsible for a recent suggestion that this new radiotelegraph system be installed in the Arlington, Virginia, naval radio station for the purpose of sending market reports and similar informative material in typewritten form, and receiving stations equipped with a combination of teletypes and radio receivers could receive these messages in printed form.

"This and other similar uses in the application of the mechanism employed in the automatic transmission and reception of telegrams by land line to the sending of messages by radio are foreshadowed. The apparatus, consisting of both sending and receiving units, comprises a base scarcely larger than that of a standard typewriter, and contains a keyboard closely resembling this office utility. A set of transmitting contacts are mounted on a unit driven by an electric motor whose source of power supply may be either 110 volts of direct or alternating current.



Photograph from the Boston *Globe*

HERE IS THE RADIO TYPEWRITER

The accompanying article tells how it works.

"The radio transmitter at a broadcasting station is controlled by the keyboard on the teletype, the latter being connected into the grid circuits of the vacuum-tubes. The oscillations are modulated and controlled by a system of impulse transmission involving the starting and stopping of oscillations in an antenna system in combinations of impulses in accordance with an impulse code.

"This impulse control is secured by the manipulation of the keyboard by a typist—not necessarily a telegraph operator—the keys of the apparatus being arranged to control the operation of a set of contacts so that the latter are either closed or opened through each of a definite number of successive time intervals for each character or letter to be transmitted.

"This system, which is substantially secret and the code practically unbreakable, may utilize continuous waves, interrupted continuous waves, or damped oscillations. The radio transmitter-control is arranged for approximately thirty-one combinations of impulses, comprising the characters or letters to be sent. The electric energy radiated from the antenna system is virtually irrecognizable on reception by ear, and there is no such order of dots and dashes as employed in radiotelegraphy, the number of successive time intervals for each character transmitted.

"Either a superheterodyne or regenerative radio-receiving set is employed for 'picking out of the air' these typewritten messages. As customary in radio reception, the signals are reduced to an audible frequency and amplified by means of a multi-tube amplifier.

"At the final stage of amplification a power relay is interconnected, comprising a set of parallel connected tubes having a selectively tuned input circuit, and a relay actuated thereby. The relay is adapted to open and close a battery circuit through the armature coils of an automatic teletype printer receiver utilizing impulse reception.

"The output of the amplifier is connected to an automatic relay recorder, recently perfected by Francis W. Dunmore of the Radio Laboratory of the Bureau of Standards. This design of radio recorder is said to be especially selective to notes of certain frequencies.

"The accuracy of its tuning effect is vouchsafed in the ability to receive three different messages on the same wave-length at varying frequencies, isolating one without interference from the others.

"Its service on board aircraft, however, is only one of several uses suggested for this new, secret system of radio communication. Banks, business houses and other commercial enterprises can use it to advantage. The interchange of messages between two points on land, intercommunication between two ships, and between ships and shore stations, are among the potential services indicated when the teletype and Hertzian waves form a unity of purpose."

THE VALUE OF "NORTH LIGHT" DOUBTED

THE IDEA THAT A "NORTH LIGHT" is better than daylight coming from any other direction is declared fallacious by an editorial writer in *The Electrical World* (New York). The general belief has been that north skylight is the best quality of light for the discrimination of color. Says the *World* writer:

"Many centuries ago, when artificial light was entirely unsuitable for color work, the artist and the artizan interested in color went to the north window because the least variable daylight comes from the northern sky. Throughout the centuries which followed, others working with color gravitated to north light, so that a powerful tradition has been established to the effect that north skylight is best for color work.

"But it has been generally forgotten why north light was originally chosen. It was not primarily for its 'color value,' but because it was less variable in quantity and in quality than light from any other exposure.

"In recent years the efficiency of light production has increased so greatly that it is now practicable to produce artificial daylight of any quality desired. A great deal of color work is now done throughout any hour of the day or night by means of artificial daylight which is constant in quantity and in quality. In this respect artificial daylight is now very much more satisfactory than even north skylight, and it also compares favorably in cost.

"Those who developed artificial daylight found it necessary to supply a quality of light simulating north skylight because of the firmly intrenched habit of using north skylight for color work.

"Certainly, an illuminant to be most suitable for color work should be one that merely 'reveals' the colors instead of 'coloring' them. The only illuminant that is 'neutral' in this respect is a white light, and spectrally this is very near to noon sunlight on a clear day. North light from a clear sky is decidedly bluish. It very much favors the violet, blue and green components of colors. It makes the purples (pink, lavender, magenta, etc.) much more bluish in appearance than they are under a neutral white light. It dulls the yellow, orange and red components. From a scientific view-point white light of a 'back-body' energy distribution, such as the noon sun at about its apparent color temperature, is the ideal illuminant for general color work. Thousands of artificial daylight units and millions of tungsten 'daylight' lamps are now in use. Their value will be better understood if light users rid themselves of the 'north-light habit.'"

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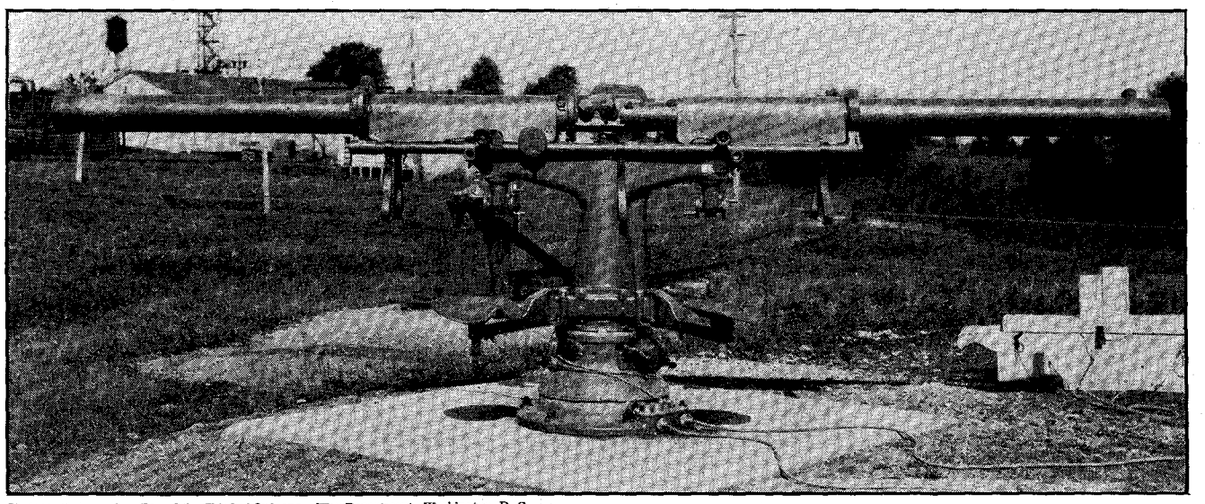

Photograph from the office of the Chief of Ordnance, War Department, Washington, D. C.

THE NEW DEVICE THAT LOCATES THE ENEMY AIRPLANE

"This photograph," says Maj. G. M. Barnes of the Ordnance Department, "shows one of the new anti-aircraft range- and height-finders recently tested at the Aberdeen Proving Ground. This instrument was developed for use in determining the slant range from the range-finder to the airplane. At the same time it measures accurately the altitude of the target above the instrument. For firing anti-aircraft guns the altitude of the airplane is used instead of the range. Two operators are required for keeping the instrument trained on the target in direction and elevation, while a third operator reads the slant range or altitude, as desired. This is a complicated optical instrument based upon the same principle as the range-finders used for land and naval guns, with the added feature that it is capable of measuring the altitude of the target. The anti-aircraft height-finder is one of the principal fire-control instruments of an anti-aircraft battery. The development of the anti-aircraft height-finder has made possible the increased accuracy of fire of the anti-aircraft artillery."

GUNNING FOR AIRPLANES

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERY occupied the center ring of the ordnance circus at the Aberdeen Proving Ground on October 6, 1927, we are told by *Mechanical Engineering* (New York). A combination of clever mechanical and electrical devices for sighting and ranging on the moving targets revealed an accuracy of gunfire that amazed the six thousand spectators, who came from all over the country. The occasion was the ninth meeting of the Army Ordnance Association. Says the magazine just named:

"This series of annual gatherings has aroused great public interest in ordnance development, and the attendance has mounted rapidly from year to year. In this year's show the latest types of ordnance material were shown in service, and the large crowd enjoyed to the full the roaring of the big seacoast guns and the popping of the shoulder rifles, the tank attack with infantry, the airplane bombing, the smoke-screens, the tractor-driven artillery, and the batteries of machine-guns, field guns, and mortars firing all types of ammunition.

"The offensive power of aircraft has received much attention in the public press. The Ordnance Department has been busy devising defensive measures, which have found their way into the newspapers and the news reels, so the visitors at Aberdeen were keen to see the heralded devices for finding and hitting the attacking planes. In the demonstration, machine-guns and coast-defense guns on anti-aircraft mounts were fired against targets towed by airplanes. The first few attacks were on the target at a height of 1,500 feet, moving about 100 miles per hour, and the weapons were machine-guns of 30 and 50 caliber, using tracer ammunition and 37 millimeter guns. Then the 3-inch guns went into action, and the path of the target was dotted with puffs of white smoke as the shrapnel burst. A second plane with a target 2,500 yards behind it then appeared as two barely visible specks at 7,500 feet, and the 105-millimeter guns opened fire.

"The targets were so small that most spectators could find them only by watching for the puffs of shrapnel burst from the 33-pound projectiles. When the crowd assembled at noon for mess, the cylindrical targets of red canvas, hooped at one end and nearly closed at the other, were spread out on the grass, and the holes could be counted, fourteen in one and fifty-seven in another. The final and most spectacular part of the anti-aircraft show occurred after dark, when the giant search-lights were used to find the targets which were attacked with tracer bullets and bursting shrapnel. The day came to a climax when a shell broke the tow-line and the target fell slowly earthward.

"The demonstration of the new range-finding device was an overwhelming success, and the superhuman devices which made it possible justified the time and effort spent on it. This collection of instruments found the target, computed the range, calculated the trajectory of the projectile to reach the target, figured the elapsed time the fuse must burn before exploding the shell, set the gun at the desired elevation, pointed the gun in the direction necessary, set the fuse, and fired the piece. The action was automatic, except for the loading of the gun. The range-finders kept the target on the crosswires of the telescope, and the mechanism took care of the rest.

"Skeptics in the audience pointed out that attacking planes did not convenience the anti-aircraft defense by keeping a nice straight course at a uniform level and a reasonably low speed. The fact is, however, that anti-aircraft batteries shooting as well as they did at Aberdeen are a protection to be reckoned with up to a height of 7,500 feet, and above that bombing accuracy is questionable."

HOW MOVIES AFFECT ANIMALS—Cats and dogs do not get much kick out of the movies, says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington). During recent tests made in Berlin, Germany, by Dr. Victor Mendel, animals and birds showed a surprizing lack of response to moving-pictures. The pictures were especially selected for each animal and animal group, and the experiments were made in an exhibition room especially adapted to the purpose. We read:

"The response of dogs was practically nil. Neither St. Bernard, setter, spaniel, poodle nor collie gave the slightest attention to the pictures. Only a little mongrel of doubtful origin evinced a momentary interest by sniffing at the human figures on the screen.

"The experiments with cats were much more favorable. Of five subjects three responded actively, showing fight upon the appearance of a big dog on the screen. Experiments with birds were rather negative. Geese and ducks, chickens and pigeons paid some attention, while owls showed great interest. Small birds and barnyard fowl showed anxiety when a hawk appeared in their line of vision. A squirrel displayed interest when a weasel made its appearance on the screen, but reptiles and fish were, as might have been expected, quite indifferent."

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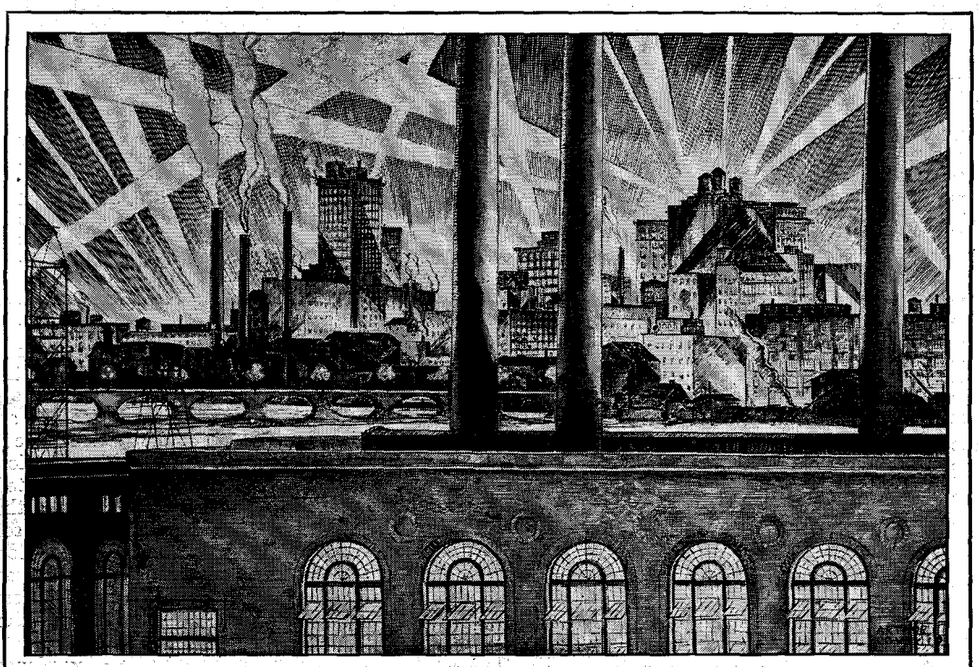
MARRYING ART AND INDUSTRY

TOLEDO CLAIMS TO HAVE OUTDONE her sister American cities in linking art with daily life. Credit for the original impulse is given to the late George W. Stevens, first director of the Museum of Art. He believed, says Miss Flora Ward Heneline in the Toledo *Times Magazine*, "that art should become the every-day possession of all the people, and to this end he opened wide the doors of Toledo's Museum, in the days when to do so was to be counted an iconoclast, to the tramp of the feet of little children and the man with the dinner-pail." Homes in Toledo, it is further declared, are "more artistic inside and out because of this vision of the practicality of art on the part of the director." The latest effort in this city is to create an art gallery for the passer-by, and the themes upon which his fancy are fed are the industries that make for Toledo's greatness. "Toledo is a great and beautiful city," says this writer again, "not because of its fine homes nor in proportion to its people of wealth, but because of its mighty industries." To impress this upon the citizens a department store celebrated the opening of its enlarged premises by commissioning Mr. Arthur Covey, one of America's best known mural painters, to paint a canvas depicting a dramatic moment in each of nineteen of the large industries of the city. We read:



TOLEDO'S PRIDE IN HER INDUSTRIES

No need to tell that this asserts her prowess in electric lighting.

"The artist spent much time here visiting the industries to be represented in the scheme, and with true intuition has sensed what is the wonder and marvel of the daily task of each. Workmen in giant perspective will be seen bending over forge fires or by the side of giant cogwheels. The sweat of labor is in the task but the beauty of muscle and feature is clearly outlined.

"The nineteen canvases, each as large as the show window in which it will be displayed, are done in black and silver, with the single exception of one, The Toledo Scale, which is more appropriately executed in black and gold. Special lighting effects are being arranged to play upon the canvases, and a giant book, the pages of which turn automatically, tells the story of each industry."

In Mr. Covey's view, Toledo seems "like the man who has risen to a state of affluence, but who on the surface of things has not quite clothed himself in keeping with his purse." A glance at the four pictures here shown reveals what may come of the abstract, and, to many, meaningless designs of cubistic art. Animated by the human elements in control, these cogs and wheels and belts take on a life and power that reveals the hidden beauties of machinery. Of the artist we read:

"As an American artist he feels that our art should be of and for America, rather than to copy the forms of periods and centuries ago. He believes that those things which are vital to American life must be made the subjects of our pictures and our decorations, that our art must reflect the life and spirit of our time.

"Mr. Covey came to Toledo somewhat reluctantly, because he had just finished a commission which had taken him two years, and he felt he had earned a rest. He admits that the contacts he made here with the men whose achievements mean so much to Toledo stimulated him beyond all expectations and sent him inspired to his task. The breadth and scope of the industrial plants of the city far exceeded his expectations, and he entered upon his task with enthusiasm. Results are worthy to rank along with his other great achievements. The fact that he consented to sign his canvases, a thing he rarely does in work of this kind, is indicative of his own satisfaction in them.

"Mr. Covey is American born and served an apprenticeship on Chicago and Cleveland newspapers before beginning the study of his life work, mural painting. He then went abroad, going to Italy, and later to Munich, where he studied in the Royal Academy under Carl Marr. He then went to London, where he was admitted to the studio of Frank Brangwyn, R. A., the most distinguished mural painter since the death of Chavannes. Here he stayed three and one-half years and upon his return to America was employed on mural work for the Pan-American Exposition of 1914, for which he was awarded a medal.

"He later was commissioned for a library in Wichita, Kansas, followed by a large commission for decorations for a leading New York store, portraying the romance of the old crafts and showing the source of production of merchandise that is sold in the store.

"He did a frieze some 400 feet long, showing the history and evolution of dress from early Egyptian times through the Greek and Syrian, down through medieval times, and including eight panels showing 300 years of costume in America, for a Boston

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store. He did a series of large panels to be placed in the vestibule of the Kohler Company's administration building in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, subjects derived from the work of men in the factories, and designed to ennoble the work which the men performed in the minds of the workers themselves. These panels were awarded the gold medal of honor by the Architectural League, when they were exhibited at Grand Central Palace.

"His latest commission before coming to Toledo was a series of thirteen panels, ten stained-glass windows and two carved memorial panels for an auditorium in Worcester, Massachusetts, considered by the artist the most successful of all the work he has done up to that time."

SHAKESPEARE CLAIMED AS AN ITALIAN

SHAKESPEARE HAS LONG BEEN CLAIMED by the Germans, but to find him also appropriated by Italy adds a puzzling chapter to the long story of his mysterious identity. It ought to be enough that the English themselves try to supplant his personality by a Lord Bacon, Lord Rutland, or Lord Stanley, but to take away his nationality, as this newcomer in the field tries to do, is to make the Stratford poacher suffer indeed for his sins. According to a learned Italian, Santi Paladino, Shakespeare was born at the foot of the Alps, in Valtellina. His argument is set forth in the *Impero* (Rome), one of the most literary of the Fascist newspapers, and one directed by disciples of Marinetti, Messrs. Carli and Settimelli. The defense of Shakespeare is, however, undertaken by a Frenchman, Jean Carrère, whose article in *Le Temps* (Paris) it seems more piquant to quote, and thus provide an antidote. M. Carrère first gives the plot:

"The author of the well-known dramas published under the name of Shakespeare was an Italian. He was a Protestant named Michele Agnolo Florio. In fact, he was alive during the same period as the author of 'Hamlet.' This Vaudois Protestant was the victim of some Catholic persecution, and for that reason had to flee to London, where he lived for many years. While there he published in Italian a volume entitled *I Secondi Frutti* (The Second Fruits).

"Now in this volume M. Santi Paladino has discovered entire verses absolutely similar to some verses in 'Hamlet.' The first step of M. Paladino was to accuse the Italian poet very simply of plagiarism. But after painstaking researches, which admit of no argument, M. Paladino discovered that the book 'I Secondi Frutti' had been published at least ten years before Shakespeare's principal works.

"If there had been any plagiarism, the plagiarizing was done by Shakespeare on Florio and not by Florio on Shakespeare. Now can one accuse Shakespeare of plagiarism, asks M. Paladino?

"Certainly not. Such a thing would be most ridiculous. Consequently, if we can not accuse Shakespeare of having plagiarized Florio, we must conclude that Florio and Shakespeare were one and the same person.

"This proof was not sufficient for M. Paladino. He found an abundance of others in the works of the man called Shakespeare, which had Italy for the scene of their plots, such as 'Othello,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' etc., etc., and going back into history: 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' etc.

"Now, M. Paladino lets it be understood, the man who was named Shakespeare was born of a family in relatively modest circumstances. He grew up and developed under the eternally foggy skies of England. Practically his entire life was spent amid the immense mists of London. It also appears that he never left England, and thus could not have acquired an extensive knowledge of foreign countries and particularly of Italy. Florio, on the contrary, lived in Italy during his entire childhood, and later must have had to travel over all of Europe. He thus could bring into his work a larger knowledge of humanity, and bring into being, for example, not only such plays as 'Othello' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' but plays covering an even vaster field, such as 'The Tempest' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' etc.

"Such are, in résumé, the hypotheses of M. Paladino. We see that in many points they are similar to those of the learned who have already accused Shakespeare of being nothing but a borrowed name, notably M. Abel Lefranc, the most interesting of them all, who in his two volumes entitled 'Under the Mask of William Shakespeare' rests his case eloquently on this fact that it was impossible for the son of the butcher of Stratford-on-Avon to have accumulated all the knowledge scattered through the dramatic works which we admire."

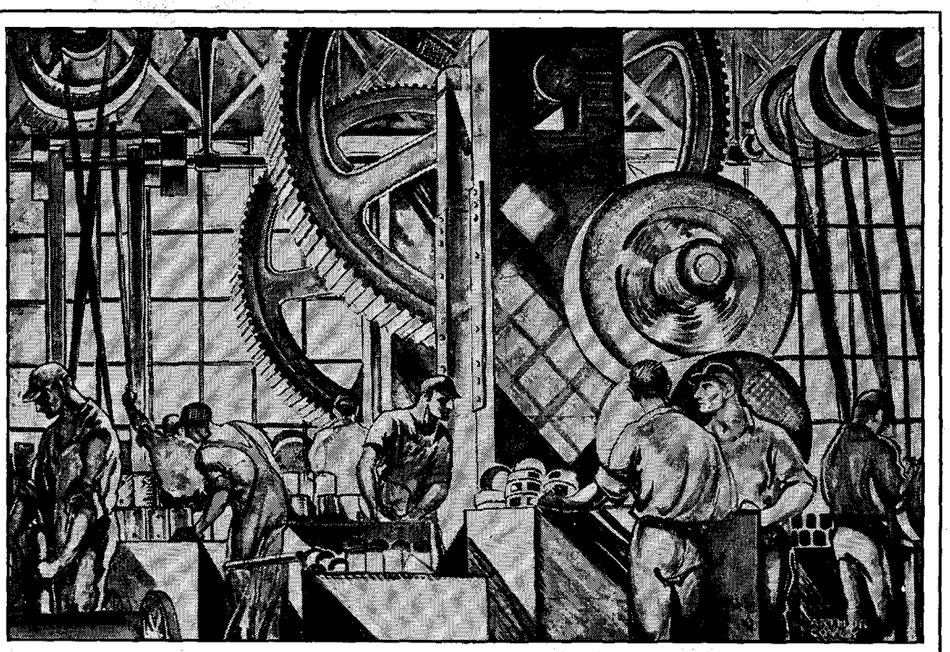
M. Carrère first addresses himself to the question of Shakespeare as a plagiarist. It is interesting to note that Milton has come under the same charge, tho at the hands of a Scotsman, Mr. Norman Douglas. He produces ample proof to satisfy himself that Milton "lifted" "Paradise Lost" from an Italian writer who flourished at the time Milton was sojourning in Italy. Curious ones may consult Douglas's "Old Calabria." The Frenchman is not convinced by Signor Paladino:

"The fact that similar verses are to be found both in a little book by Florio and in 'Hamlet' appears to be a definite proof to M. Paladino that Florio and Shakespeare are one and the same person. For, said he, it would be supremely ridiculous to accuse Shakespeare of plagiarism. Thus, if Shakespeare were not Florio, then he was a plagiarist.

"This method of reasoning is evidently very subtle, but it does not constitute perhaps a definite proof.

"In fact, we know with what rapidity the man called Shakespeare was at times condemned to write his works and even his most famous masterpieces. Many of his works were improvised in a few months and even in a few weeks, for Shakespeare was above all a theatrical director, who had to feed his theater unceasingly with new works.

"Therefore he was forced several times not to plagiarize, according to the somewhat cruel word employed by M. Santi



OVERALLS AND JUMPER INSTEAD OF COAT OF MAIL

"The sweat of labor is in the task, but the beauty of muscle and feature is clearly outlined."

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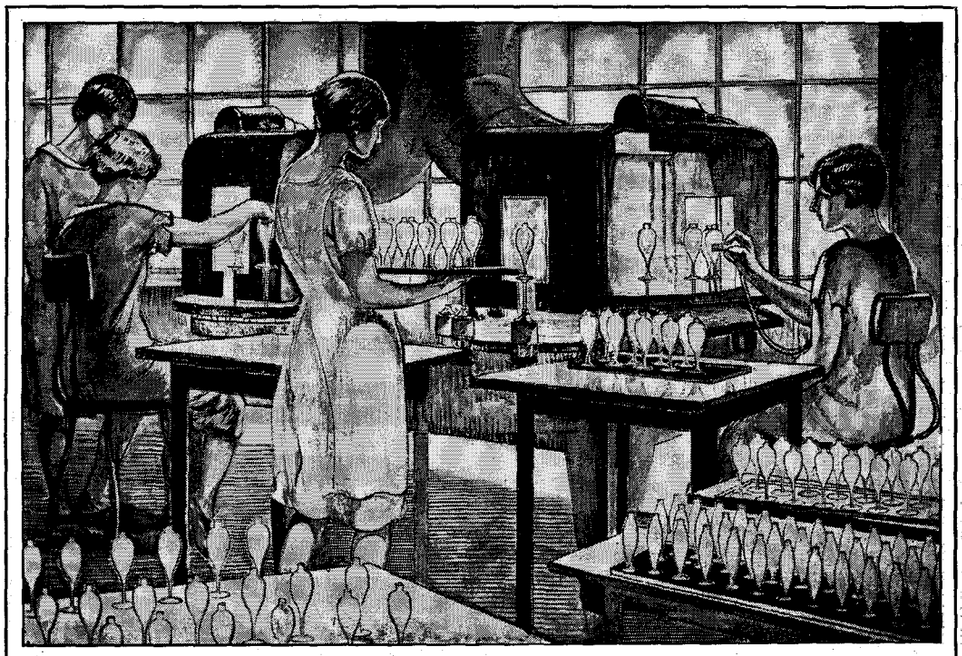
Paladino, but to do as his great peer Molière did, namely, to take his good where he found it.

"For example, it would be easy to show in 'Henry VIII' and in 'Pericles of Tyre' entire passages taken from the poets of his time. In any case, this would not detract from the genius and originality of the poet. Thus it is not impossible that Shakespeare, while composing 'Hamlet,' did borrow some verses from the Italian Protestant, Michele Agnolo Florio. And we can consider this argument of plagiarism as not definite."

Passing on to consider the thesis that Shakespeare, having always lived at London, was too ignorant of Italian matters to be able to write plays whose happenings occur in Italy, this argument seems to M. Carrère as inconclusive as that of plagiarism. And he takes the charge much to heart:



DECORATING ATOMIZER BOTTLES

The artist painted his pictures in black and silver, and gained his color by flooding the canvases with lights.

"It is evident that the man who had the genius of Shakespeare (or, at the very least, of the author of 'Hamlet) possest instinctively and by his very temperament a spirit of assimilation and of intuition which enabled him to picture entire countries and whole centuries by simply reading about them, and even by hearsay alone. For is it not a mark of genius to create or recreate in one's mind entire civilizations from documents brought by others?

"In fact, it would not be possible to write a single imaginative work if it were necessary for the poet himself to see all of which he speaks. It would not be only Shakespeare whom we would have to refuse to acknowledge. It would be every great poet like Dante, Vergil, and Homer himself. For now it seems proven that Homer lived many years, and perhaps even centuries, after the Trojan War. On the other hand, we must remember that at the period when Shakespeare lived, the Italy of the Renaissance enjoyed great prestige and haunted the imagination of all poets the world over. Numerous travelers from all countries had visited the magnificent cities of the peninsula.

"Shakespeare, therefore, in his adolescence, as in his youth, must have frequently heard men speak of Rome, of Verona, of Padua, of Pisa, of Milan, of Venice, and of all the Italian towns that he evoked in his works. His real presence in Italy need not be considered as essential to the portrayal which he made of Italian characters.

"Such is the argument which, it appears to us, we can oppose to the thesis of M. Santi Paladino."

M. Carrère goes further and examines Shakespeare's works in some of their details:

"If the author whom we know under the name of Shakespeare were Michele Agnolo Florio, and if he had lived in Italy, he must have known Italy well. He would not commit any mistake when he speaks of her. Now, without detracting anything from his genius, we can say that the geographical and historical errors of Shakespeare are very striking and at times show a most amusing conceit. We know, for example, that in 'A Winter's Tale' he makes his heroes come to the coast of Bohemia, and Bohemia in the sixteenth century, as to-day, was not yet on the sea-border.

"But let us get out of Bohemia, which has nothing to do with the Florio matter, and let us stay in Italy.

"What do we see in the Shakespeare plays? We see in 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' the heroes traveling by sea in Lombardy. Now if the good Florio, born in Valtellina, had written Shakespeare's plays, he would certainly have known that the Mediterranean did not go as far as the Lake of Garda. Again, in 'The Tempest' the poet makes *Prospero* embark at the gates of Milan. Finally, in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' the author places Padua in Lombardy. Even to-day there is no Italian, of no matter what primary school, who would confound Lombardy with the Venetian province, And in Shakespeare's day there was the same very marked difference between these two provinces as there is to-day between France and Belgium. It is sufficient to read the beautiful romance of Manzoni, 'The Betrothed,' to see that Lombardy and Venice then formed two absolutely different countries.

"Thus Shakespeare the Englishman could have confounded these two provinces, but Florio the Italian could not.

"In this same 'Taming of the Shrew,' one of the heroes proceeds from Padua to Pisa, and what route does he take to get there? The sea route. I know well that at a pinch one could go by sea from Padua to Pisa via the Adriatic, the Ionian Sea, and the Tyrrhennian Sea. But Shakespeare's character goes directly from the one city to the other. Now we do not believe that in the sixteenth century a maritime canal ever existed connecting the Adriatic and the Mediterranean.

"It seems to us that these proofs are sufficient to demonstrate that the author of 'Hamlet' and of other masterpieces was not an Italian come out of Italy like Michele Florio, or another.

"The thesis of M. Santi Paladino is, nevertheless, very curious, as curious of its kind as those of the partizans of Bacon, Rutland, Stanley, etc., etc.

"I believe that finally we shall come back one day to the conclusion (as did Mme. Longworth-Chambrun in her recent book) that Shakespeare in reality was called Shakespeare—just as in the case of Homer, we finally have arrived at this thesis, that the author of the Iliad, if not Homer in person, was, at the very least, a copyist who bore the same name and who lived in the same era.

THE COVER—To add to our picture gallery we bring forward one of the foremost Dutch genre painters. Jan Steen was born at Leyden about 1626, and studied in his native place as well as in Utrecht and The Hague. Lack of pecuniary success as a painter made him turn for a time to brewing, and later to tavern keeping. Some accounts speak of him as dissipated, but he painted more works than any other genre master, which is not consonant with too much indulgence in cups. Perhaps the fact that he usually depicted the lower and middle classes, artizans and beggars, may seem to have confirmed this imputation. He painted child life with particular sympathy. He had great power of invention, was skilful in composition and had good color.

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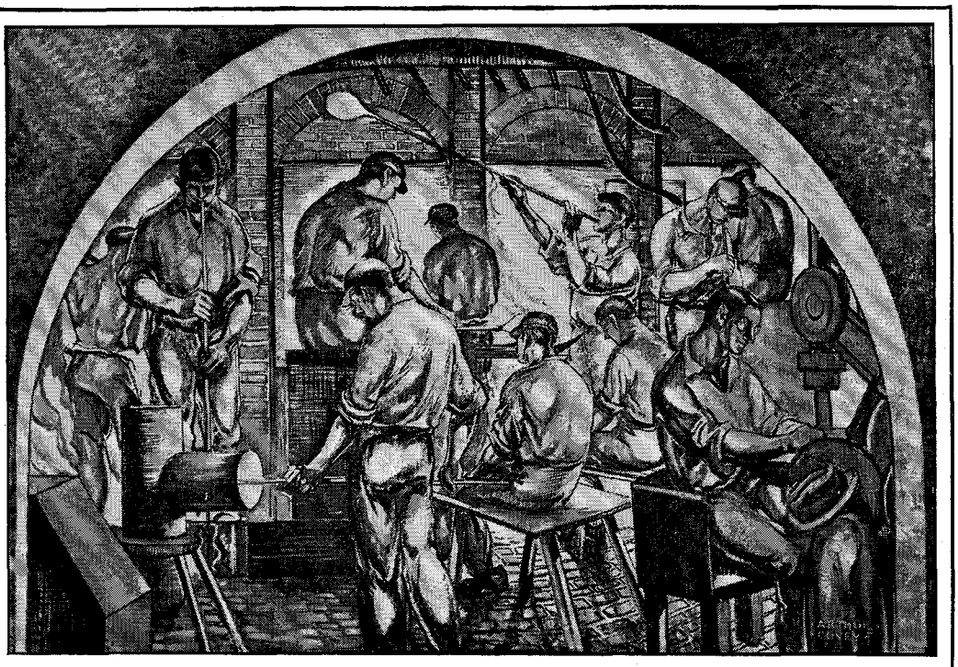
WHERE THE POETS FAIL

WHAT IN OUR AMERICAN LIFE is an inspiration to painters, as another article shows, leaves our poets dumb. Miss Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry* (Chicago), tells us that two years ago "a designer of power-plants, feeling that modern poets were not properly fulfilling their function, were not 'telling the tale of the tribe,'" offered a prize "for a poem touching adequately, whether in praise or dispraise, modern science or industry." The poets have not risen to the offer. At least Miss Monroe confesses she has received no prizeworthy poem on that subject. One side of the shield has been written up in all conscience. Thus we hear:

"There have been factory poems, mine poems, dock poems—many such studies of details; usually from the worker's standpoint, and deprecatory if not frankly denunciatory of the scheme of civilization under which we live. There have been poems—like Eliot's 'Waste Land'—which express the terror and agony of a mind crusht and thrown aside by the ruthless rush and power of it. But there has been no presentation, apparently no realization, of the grandeur of this mass movement of the race toward comfort and ease of living beyond the wildest dreams of our forefathers, toward knowledge which brings the mysterious forces of nature to our service and presents to us every day a new miracle—knowledge which annihilates distance, unveils the invisible and the illimitable, which conquers disease and postpones death. And yet this is a subject peculiarly our own. The leaders of this movement are the successors of our pioneers; there is in their minds the same adventurous questing spirit, the same will to open up new realms for men to conquer and possess."



GLASS-BLOWING IN TOLEDO

To be looked at as art rather than as industry. These men of the twentieth century, with their instruments of labor, "compose" for the artist as well as knights and ladies of the Renaissance.

It was a feeling of this kind, says Miss Monroe, which induced the prize-offer above mentioned, a feeling that some poet ought to see the thing in the large, and shout a poem of triumph. For the dissatisfied friend who offered the prize said to Miss Monroe:

"'Poets, from time immemorial, have sung of love and war. Love and religion are of course inevitable subjects, and war was an inevitable subject so long as it was through war that the race moved on, so long as the warrior, whose deeds the poet celebrated, really carried the banner of progress and led his world. But no one pretends that war serves that purpose to-day, or that any soldier carries the torch of progress.

"'What I can't understand is the failure of the poets to feel what is happening, their failure to celebrate the grand illumination of the world and amelioration of life which is taking place to-day. The march of science has been led by heroes braver and more stedfast than any warriors of history. And the vast changes, the drawing-together of races and nations under the captains of modern industry, are, whether you feel these changes as for good or evil, an epic movement so colossal as to dwarf into insignificance any migration of peoples, or any sweep of new knowledge, of the past. How can a real poet, a really enlightened imaginative mind, live in this country to-day and not be tremendously moved by all this! I say that if he can he is inadequate—he is not big enough for his job.'"

The Chicago editor waiting to be the awarder of the prize to the inspired poet, thus reflects:

"I thought of Leonardo da Vinci groping in the twilight for knowledge which is a commonplace to-day—searching for scientific truth through the medieval fog, drawing endless diagrams of birds in flight to show that men may fly. Imagine the thrill, the intoxication of delight which his master mind would feel if he could be transported into one of our modern cities—with its steel-supported sky-scrapers, its great cobweb bridges, its glare of electric lights, its rush of self-propelled vehicles, its telescopes revealing quadrillions of stars, its microscopes measuring the orbit of atoms, its airplanes fulfilling his dream of human flight, and all the other miraculous devices which to-day replace the labor of a billion pairs of busy hands, and change the pace of man's onward march toward knowledge."

Every one knows here is not the whole story, that there is a reverse of the medal:

"Indeed, the poets have shown it to us, have been more occupied with the negative than the positive side. I have spoken of Eliot's 'Waste Land,' which gives a vivid suggestion of the whole vast modern fabric crashing down in ruinous chaos; and there are many other poems which present or imply or prophesy failure or spiritual disaster in the modern scheme. In other words, the poets have preferred weakness to strength. When mighty deeds are being done, they follow imaginatively not the hero who is doing them but the underdog, be he labor-slave or highbrow, who is crusht by them.

"Not long ago I attended a convention of mechanical and electrical engineers, and I was much struck by the expression of the young faces in the audience. There was a forward look in their eyes—no doubt, no hesitation clouded it; instinctively I felt confidence in their unconscious strength. One of the speakers made a memorable assertion; he said that the power-plants of this country—lighting our streets and houses, running many of our factories and trains—do the work of three hundred million pairs of hands. I tried to realize what that means to the race in relief from enslaving toil—that one detail of modern industrial achievement. And my mind reverted to such sentimental misstatements as 'R. U. R.' and the recent film 'Metropolis'; for the astonishing thing about such a device as a power-plant is the fact that the machines are the only 'robots,' that a mere handful of highly individualized and intelligent workmen run the great quiet turbines which light and empower half of Chicago.

"Of course a poet's subject is the human soul and the emotions that act upon it. But there is a kind of spiritual experience in living imaginatively in one's own time, if one gives oneself up to it as whole-heartedly as—say—primitive man gave himself up each morning to the task or the dream of the day."

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

UNITARIAN DISMAY AT FUNDAMENTALIST TRIUMPH

FUNDAMENTALISM WINS and freedom shrieks, says, in effect, Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, Unitarian, editor of *The Christian Register*, arch foe of Fundamentalism and a leader of Modernism's apparently dwindling forces. But wait—all is not lost. Dr. Dieffenbach still has hope. If the Modernists will organize, as the Fundamentalists have done, they may yet bring in a new reformation. At present they are with their backs to the wall, and the enemy comes on in overwhelming numbers. Dr. Dieffenbach, who has been crusading against the Saracens of Fundamentalism since 1920, when the issue came up in the Baptist Church, tells us in his book, "Religious Liberty," subtitled "The Great American Illusion" (Morrow), that "we never got the Reformation and we have never had Protestantism. . . . What the alleged reformers did was to exchange an infallible Pope for an infallible Book. That was merely adopting a new and really inferior dogmatic master, a weaker authority." Now, he believes, we have the menace of a State Church. His book may delight the Fundamentalists; it may not pour only misgivings into the minds of the Modernists. But it is likely to arrest the attention of all for the vigor and earnestness with which it is written by one who can boast that he comes of an unbroken churchly lineage since 1680, and who says he loves all the places of God—the Hebrew synagogue, the Roman Catholic cathedral, and the Protestant church. He quarrels with no man concerning his belief, he says; but he is seriously alarmed by the fear that liberty of belief will be taken from us. He writes:

ALARMED BY FUNDAMENTALISM

Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, a Unitarian editor and minister, says that "Protestantism is in eclipse" and "we have witnessed the disastrous defeat of freedom."

"To-day we stand in the midst of one of the greatest religious issues in the history of Christendom. If the present crisis were merely a sectarian or partizan dispute, it would be unworthy of serious consideration. But vital religion and the souls of the people are involved, and, indeed, the future of Christianity in America and the world. There is an incompatibility between the pure spirituality of Jesus and the practise of the Protestant churches, which amounts to radical opposition. At this hour it is as tho two worlds had crashed—the world of freedom with the world of authority. Every great Protestant church feels the force of the contending ideas within its own pale. Not one of them but has suffered incalculably in all of its proper works on account of the great schism. The nurture of the life of the spirit has been grievously impaired because the major effort is being diverted to contention for unseemly control and power. All the preeminent denominations without exception—we speak that we do know—are houses divided against themselves. The persuasive graces of the leaders are insufficient against the strife which is leading to an inevitable readjustment, which may be, indeed, a real Reformation. For the one thing about which many eminent and brave churchmen of every Protestant faith are agreed is that freedom from external authority, the release from the binding creedal dogmas, are absolutely imperative not only for a true Christian church but for the religious salvation of the people."

But what is the situation, as Dr. Dieffenbach sees it? "Protestantism is in eclipse." The Modernists have retired. "Not a notable figure remains on the field. The movement to give us a liberated church has halted and collapsed. . . . The fact is that the Fundamentalists have won everything in the battle they started. They are happy. Their five points have nowhere been rescinded." Indeed,

"The dogmas which have been the bane of Protestantism these four hundred years are again triumphant, and the organized religion of Jesus, whose charter is liberty and whose service is perfect freedom, passes into a period of intolerance not equaled since the Chaos. Protestantism enters a new dark age.

"Dogmatism is in control of more than 90 per cent. of the people in the denominations. Only impregnable Rome, adroit, patient, and consistent Rome, can vie with her once-scattered and dissenting children who present a mighty solid front in defense of the very kind of religion they were created to overcome. To-day Protestantism is creed-bound with new fetters of triple brass. Instead of the marvelous promise of spiritual rebirth that one sensed on every side, at the opening of the present decade, we have witnessed the disastrous defeat of freedom. The opportunity for liberation came, but our prophets were found wanting.

"In one church after another—Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, and all the others—the holy warfare has ceased. The Fundamentalists have overwhelmed their liberty-loving brethren. The strife is over and peace prevails. The churches have denied to their ministers by one form of declaration or another the freedom of individual conscience, and their laity have meekly acquiesced with only sporadic uprisings of the more emboldened ones who have had no real effect upon the triumphant security of the Fundamentalists."

In five years, Dr. Dieffenbach asserts, the Fundamentalists "have won control of the churches with a total membership running into more than thirty millions of souls. The Fundamentalists possess the land." A chapter is devoted to "the lost leaders" of Protestantism, whom this leader names, one by one, and who, he says, have retreated into safe pulpits.

It is commonly believed that Fundamentalism is a phenomenon peculiar to the South. But Dr. Dieffenbach says it is present in Massachusetts and Minnesota as well as in Tennessee and Texas. "A cross-section of any State," he declares, "would show that America has a Fundamentalist mind." In proof of which and as indicating the "menace of a State Church," Dr. Dieffenbach tells us: "At least twenty-two States have been waging this battle of religious authority against religious freedom, and in each State there is a dramatic story. The fighting forces are the ministers of the Fundamendalist churches of the various denominations, and the victories are all counted as

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triumphs of the faith once delivered to the saints." Dr. Dieffenbach does not, he says, espouse evolution or defend evolutionists. He does not dispute the legal right of Fundamentalists to make their sectarian dogmas into a statute, "ruling the whole people, as they have done in Tennessee." But one thing he maintains:

"When they make such a law, they stultify religious liberty and ravish the soul of America, which was dedicated to freedom. They violate the principle of the separation of Church and State. They use the political machinery to enforce a religious opinion. Because they are a majority, they cruelly suppress a minority. They establish a State religion and invest a legislature with divine authority in this republic exactly as kings were invested with 'divine right' over the faith of their subjects. They have set up, in all its spiritual meaning, a monarchy in the heart of a democracy. They are guilty of the betrayal of their leader, Jesus Christ; they are convicted of treason against their country, these United States. This is their condemnation."

Still, Dr. Dieffenbach is not entirely hopeless. He believes that "the portents are all to the good. . . . The time-spirit speaks for progress." He calls on the Modernists to rise and "defend the rights of man as laid down in the religion of Jesus and the soul of the nation." In his view:

"They can not use the law, of course; also, they must flee the puerile notion that they accomplish any good by merely herding together in so-called federations. Gregariousness is primarily animal, not spiritual. The times demand men with creative ideas. . . . Cooperation in ecclesiastical social service has become an emotional release for frustrated Protestants. . . . The churches have been brought to a status hardly higher in spiritual value than that of a Chamber of Commerce. It is a relatively shallow traffic in things unessential, in which near-Modernists predominate. . . . If the Modernists would follow the example of the Fundamentalists, that is, organize and put on a religious program, they might bring in a new Reformation."

Acknowledging that the book has its good points, *Zion's Herald* (Methodist) says that Dr. Dieffenbach has fallen into the same fault he criticizes in others, and that his discussion abounds in gaps and fallacies. For instance, *Zion's Herald* says of Dr. Dieffenbach's statement that the Fundamentalists have won control of the churches: "If this sweeping assertion be true, what becomes of the boast of the Unitarians to the effect that, while they have been steadily losing in numbers, they have all the time been transforming the other denominations by their liberalizing influence? Evidently this great so-called free church has failed." But the most serious shortcoming of the book, in the opinion of this Boston journal of Methodism, lies in the facility with which the author passes cocksure judgment on the motives of many distinguished representatives of the various denominations, and it asks: "Is such an assumption of knowledge respecting the intents of the hearts of other men an evidence of judicial poise, or of the Christian spirit?" However, there is this word of commendation from *Zion's Herald:*

"'Religious Liberty' will act as a gadfly upon such churches and individual Christians as may be guilty of temporizing in their attitude toward the truth. Perhaps it was with this purpose in mind that the author in places overstated his case. The book will stir the minds and the emotions. For Dr. Dieffenbach has written sincerely upon a theme that is very close to his heart."

TEST

(To D. R. M.)

By Helen Pursell Roads

NOT those elate upon the mountain height
Of His transfiguration, who declare
Their will to rear crude tabernacles there,
Are worthy liegemen in the Master's sight.
True ministers of grace are those who dare
Descend with Him into the irksome night
Below, where blind souls whimper for the light,
And tortured bodies wait their healing care.

Not weary sleepers in Gethsemane,
Who wake to flee from Sin's pursuing host,
Then go afishing back to Galilee—
But those who labor though the cause seem lost,
To spread abroad the flames of Pentecost,
Shall find in Christ—Peace, after Victory.

—*The Churchman, New York.*

A MICHIGAN PLAN FOR GOOD-WILL ON EARTH

A "CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY" which would require a good deal of change in the spirit of men and the structure of society, but which, if attained, might well fulfil all the spiritual ambitions of the human race, is sought by the Committee on Social Service of the Michigan Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The committee, as set forth in its report, recently adopted and published in the Michigan *Christian Advocate* (Methodist), would give freedom of speech to all minorities, recognize and accept the country's responsibility for the negroes, permit self-determination to all weaker peoples, and have the United States set an example in this respect by permitting the Philippines to express their own preferences as to the form of government they would have. Other reforms are outlined. The report sets forth:

"1. Freedom of speech is an essential prerogative of citizens of a Christian democracy, and we pledge ourselves to resist any effort to curtail public discussion of public questions or to persecute any minority for espousing unpopular opinions.

"2. We accept Jesus' principle of the oneness of the world-wide human family, and make it our aim to let no interest of self, family, church, class, race, or nation, separate us from any one or any body of our fellowmen.

"i. We recognize that this lays immediately at our doors in Michigan the responsibility to establish a brotherly association with the Mexican who comes to work within the borders of our State.

"ii. We recognize also the presence of twelve million negro Americans in our country, and accept our responsibility to cooperate with these people in their efforts to make themselves physically free from peonage, mentally free from ignorance, politically free from disfranchisement, and socially free from insult.

"iii. We accept full responsibility for a brotherly spirit in our dealings with all racial and national groups within our borders.

"3. The Church stands for the making of men; industry, with few exceptions, stands for the making of profits. The Christian motive and the profit motive are irreconcilable. The desire for profits has developed the production ideal in industry with the result that skilled workmanship is being eliminated, and men are being turned out of work in late middle age without any means of support, and so become pauperized or crusht in spirit. The Church must stand courageously in season and out of season for the first principle of the Kingdom of God—the supremacy of human values. Ultimately justice and good-will in industry must issue in some form of industrial democracy which will conserve manhood and womanhood for social effectiveness.

"4. War is an inglorious, ineffective, wasteful and unchristian method of settling international difficulties. It is the duty of the Church to give particular attention to means of producing a new heaven and a new earth here below. We must seize every opportunity and method to build the will to peace. Military training in the high schools and compulsory military training in colleges are contrary to the spirit of Jesus and the genius of America.

"5. Self-determination must replace economic imperialism in our dealings with weaker peoples."

As to the obligations of this country toward other peoples:

"1. The United States might well set the world an example of enlightened statesmanship by affording the people of the Philippines an opportunity to express their own preferences as to the form of government under which they shall live, through some form of plebiscite.

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"2. We protest against any imperialistic or militaristic attitude on the part of our Government toward Latin America. The original Monroe Doctrine was intended to assure the free development of South American countries. There is evidence that it is now being used as a cover for American imperialism in those same countries.

"3. We strongly protest against any form of dollar diplomacy. We can not agree to the principle that foreign investments must be protected by military force.

"4. We rejoice in the renaissance of mind and spirit in Asia, and anticipate that our traditional policy of good-will toward China will be continued."

CHURCHES THAT MIGHT UNITE NOW

DON'T WAIT FOR ANOTHER LAUSANNE, but let those unite who will unite, urges Dr. William E. Barton, who was a delegate to the Lausanne World Conference on Faith and Order, and who returned home little imprest with its results. It is not likely, he says, that another such conference will be held in this generation, and in the meantime he makes a few concrete suggestions as to what may be accomplished now. Dr. Barton, famous biographer of Lincoln, stated supply of the First Congregational Church in Detroit and former pastor of the First Congregational Church in Oak Park, Illinois, dismisses the chance of any arrangement with the Roman Catholic and the Greek Orthodox churches, tho he would not exclude them from any invitation to join in some form of unity; and suggests a union of the Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples of Christ, Episcopalians, Friends, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Universalists, and others more or less closely affiliated with this general group. Writing in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), he says that they are already united to an extent. "Compared with the immense truths which we hold in common," he tells us, "the questions on which we differ are microscopic." For instance:

"We believe in one God and the same God.

"We acknowledge one Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

"We are united in the fellowship of one Holy Spirit.

"We confess one Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, and we believe that all churches of Jesus Christ are of it and in it, and that no one can prove or ought to wish to prove that any one part or sect is either the whole Church or is less than an integral portion of the Holy Catholic Church.

"We believe in the ministry of the word, and the holy sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper.

"We believe it is the mission of the church of Christ to proclaim the Gospel to all mankind, encouraging righteousness, justice, brotherhood and international good-will, and transforming this world into the promised kingdom of our Lord.

"Beside these basic agreements our divisions are trivial. It is to our everlasting shame that we permit them to separate us from each other's fellowship and communion."

The Church which Dr. Barton envisions would not be based on any creed, but he believes it possible for union to be effected on some such statement as was received in Lausanne, which refers to the ancient creeds as "witnesses" to the common Christian faith, and acknowledges the right of any group of churches to continue to retain or to make such confessions of their own as are in accordance with that faith. On the question of an episcopate those churches which have none might be willing to agree, if agreement was not made compulsory, that the presence of the superintendent or bishop was desirable, and, in ordinary cases to be required in ordination to the ministry. "But reordination or conditional ordination, or ordination that should deny the validity of that apostolic ministry which these churches now hold would be as wicked as it would be impracticable. Why should there not be Christian union with an agreement that each group within the Church may ordain its ministry in accordance with its own belief in apostolic custom, but with recommendations that in the interest of good order and uniform procedure a bishop participate in the ordination as representative of a wider fellowship?"

As to the sacraments, Dr. Barton sees no reason why they should not be observed as they are now in the respective groups, with one exception. That is the closed communion table, for which "there is no possible valid argument in its favor." The same principle would hold in respect to baptism, except that if one wished to change from one group to another in this broad church, rebaptism would not be required. "All churches of the Lord Jesus," he declares, "should immediately provide a method whereby Christians baptized in any one of the three ways may go freely without rebaptism from one communion to another. 'What God hath cleansed, that call thou not common or unclean.'" In short:

"The only united church which men and women of the present generation are to see and the only one toward whose progress they can intelligently contribute, is a church made up of different denominations, but united in its loyalty to one Lord, and possessing one faith and one baptism. It is the immediate duty of these churches to subordinate denominational names to this already existent unity which should be made more effective. We have too many sects. We have too many sectarian names. We ought to work toward the lessening of their number, but meantime we could work unitedly. We could highly resolve that so far as authorized denominational authority is concerned, there shall be no planting of sectarian churches aided by denominational money in any field where there now is a Christian Church other than Roman Catholic. Where there is a Roman Catholic church we can afford to wish it well, and leave it to its own task in which we can not help it very much, and certainly have no will to hinder it. But Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Disciples, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Universalists, and the rest, could covenant with each other, and with Almighty God, that they will not compete with each other, but will strengthen each other's hands in every possible way."

Already there is cooperation in interdenominational literature and in practical philanthropic enterprises, notes Dr. Barton, and he believes these processes can be carried much further. Indeed, "we can tell our foreign missionary officials that we do not care one cent whether they make Baptists or Methodists or Presbyterians or Episcopalians in China or India, but that we do care very much that they shall make Christians there."

TESTIMONY

By Eva Moad Turner

MY garden bears testimony to divinity;
I sow the seed, itself a mystery;
Invoke the graces of the sun;
Implore the ministry
Of the rain; and yet, when this is done,
It is God
Who thrusts up
Through the imprisoning clod
Miracles of emerald leaf and radiant bloom,
Fashioned of fabrics from a heavenly loom.
Surely none but God can,
Within a seed's pin-point of space,
Pack a blue-print of the cosmos' swaying grace,
Or, from a dry brown root release
The phlox in all its still white peace.
He hangs the rose upon the thorn,
And lifts the lily's samite cup
Brimmed with the dewy nectar of the morn.
It is God alone, knowing infinity,
May be so prodigal of beauty
That He gives to the errant winds the poppy
And the rose, or yields to winter's devastating hold
Autumn's arabesques of flame and gold.

—*The Christian Century* (*Chicago*).

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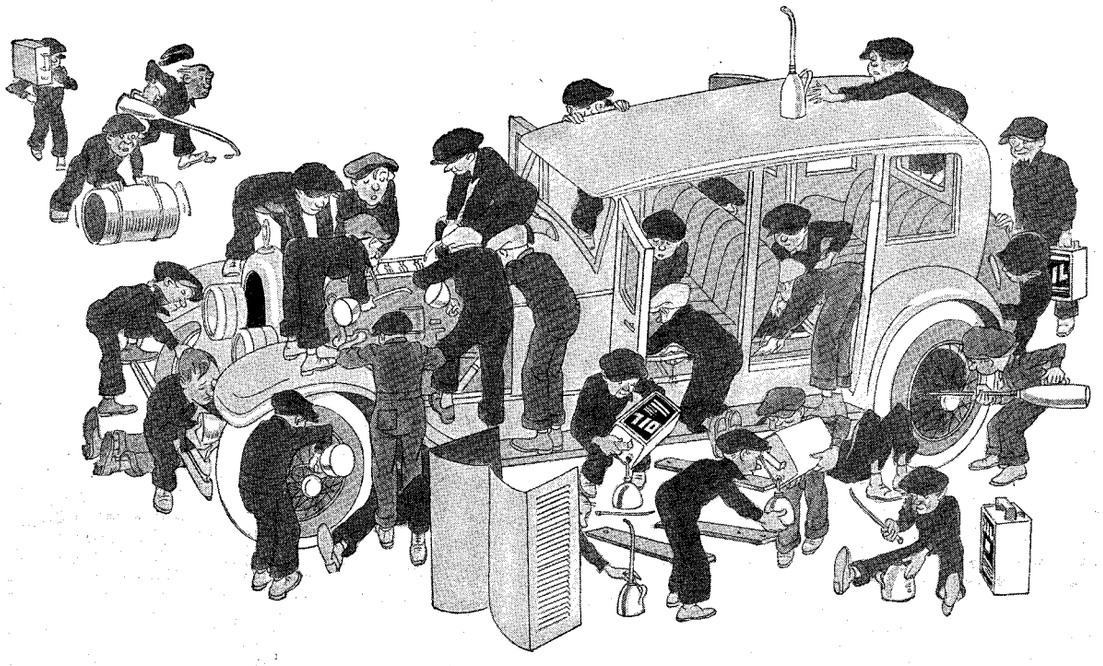

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

IN spite of the jeers of such modernists as the three Sitwells, Alfred Noyes seems to retain his hold on English poetry readers. Evidence of this is the new edition of his "Collected Poems" (*Blackwood's*), from which we cite a part of one of his new poems:

FROM ELFIN ISLAND

By Alfred Noyes

In a glade of an elfin forest
When Sussex was Eden-new,
I came on an elvish painter
And watched as his picture grew.
A harebell nodded beside him.
He dipt his brush in its dew.

And it might be the wild thyme round him
That shone in that dark strange ring;
But his brushes were bees' antennæ,
His knife was a wasp's blue sting;
And his gorgeous exquisite palette
Was a butterfly's fan-shaped wing. . . .

For he painted the things that matter,
The tints that we all pass by,
Like the little blue wreaths of incense
That the wild thyme breathes to the sky;
Or the first white bud of the hawthorn,
And the light in a blackbird's eye;

And the shadows on soft white cloud-peaks
That carolling skylarks throw,—
Dark dots on the slumbering splendours
That under the wild wings flow,
Wee shadows like violets trembling
On the unseen breasts of snow;

With the petals too lovely for colour
That shake to the rapturous wings,
And grow as the bird draws near them,
And die as he mounts and sings;—
Ah, only those exquisite brushes
Could paint those exquisite things.

THOSE having least seem to possess something to give, even to the sparrows. *The Spectator* (London) prints this tribute, sent from Mexico, to one who was known as the Sparrow's Friend or Schoolmaster:

ALGERNON VALENTINE

"Found Drowned" in the Thames early in 1927

By Nai Crichton O'Fife

Near Hyde Park Corner there was wont to stand
A little old man—a magician—whose wand
Was love; and ever when he came in sight
The questing sparrows stayed their quick-winged flight,
Or destruction ceased on the pulsing spear
Of Springtime's eldest flower, first to rear
Crocus head of tender white or gleaming gold;
Joying they flocked to greet him, full bold
To perch upon him, bright eyes, inquisitive,
Seeking the crumbs he never failed to give;
Or in demure rows on the railings to wait,
Close sitting side by side—mate by mate;
Or fluttering—hovering—expectant—
Utterly saucy, merry, or arrogant.

The little old man his birds among
Was a well-known sight to London's throng,
For did snow or sun greet the silver beard,
Faithful ever the "Sparrows' Friend" appeared:
Happy, absorbed in his task of love was he,
As their hundreds enveloped him lovingly.

But now in vain the sparrows wait; the sands
From the glass of life have run; the golden strands
Have slipped their mooring, and now no more
The sparrows to their names respond; and sore
The hearts that loved him. O darting sparrows
Had you no balm for that kind heart's sorrows?
Didst wait upon him, his last hour to befriend,
As cold the Thames closed o'er his lonely end?
O sparrows, say you held a requiem—
Or raised o'er him your grateful, farewell hymn!

IT is easy to fill out the names of great London newspapermen—Rothermere, Beaverbrook, Berry, to whom this amusing gibe in *G. K.'s Weekly* (London) is addrest:

SONGS OF LOST INNOCENCE

The Stickjaw of Schemes

By Keston Hayes

The Editor sat in the Editor's chair:
Rother, and Beaver, and Berry were there,
And one or two more, of lesser degree:
In sooth, a Trusty company.
  Never, look you, was a livelier crew
  Read of in books, or tales of prowess,
  Than these Paladins, Princes, and Popes of the Press.

They met (as only Philosophers meet)
To consider the case of the Boob in the Street.
They'd just resolved that the Needs of the Nation
Were plenty of air and a brisk Circulation—
  When far and wide, like a rising Tide
  Came the roar of the Boobs from the Great Outside,
  Yelling: "It is an Iniquitous Thing
  That Britons, once free, should be slaves of the Ring."

Rother looked sorrowful, Beaver too.
Berry said: "Surely they don't mean *you*?"
They chorussed: "Of course, only mental deficiency
Denies that a Merger improves one's Efficiency;
  But—No! No such thing—there isn't a Ring!
  Yet to silence these Boobs we will sweeten their durance
  And send them to bed with a nice warm Insurance!"

Then Rother he rose with benevolent grunt
And bestowed on the Boobs his most bountiful Stunt:
Insured (it was mentioned, I think, in a leader)
Every man-jack of a Registered Reader!
Insured him at board, insured him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head—
Insured him in sitting, in standing, in lying,
Insured him in walking, in riding, in flying,
Insured him in living, and doubly in dying!
Oh, Boy! That Insurance was sure a Go-Getter!
But, what gave rise to no little surprise
Was, that nobody seemed one penny the better!
  And why? Ah, my Booblet, you ask why the *Mail*
  Should see its Insurance so shockingly fail?
  Since clearly, the Readers this comfort derive:
  'Twere luckier far to be dead than alive!
'Tis because—and this careless omission seems queer—
THEY FORGOT TO INSURE US AGAINST ROTHERMERE.

LONDON, New York, Paris—where else? Oh, yes, Naples—will bring forward numbers great or small to certify to this in *The Nation:*

THE SUBWAY

By Allen Tate

Dark accurate plunger down the successive knell
Of arch on arch, where ogives burst a red
Reverberance of hail upon the dead
Thunder, like an exploding crucible!
Harshy articulate musical steel shell
Of angry worship, hurled religiously
Upon your business of humility
Into the iron forestry of hell:

Till broken in the shift of quiter
Dense altitudes tangential of your steel,
I am become geometries—and glut
Expansions like a blind astronomer
Dazed while the worldless heavens bulge and reel
In the cold revery of an idiot.

MAN does not live by ecstasy alone, and this one's experience with his brother Pan proves it all too well. Quoted from *The Nation* (New York):

POEM

By Chard Powers Smith

I'm looking for a fellow Pan
Who's partly goat and mostly man,
And so I built my cottage here
To hear him piping in the weir,
To hear him humming in the bees,
And hear him whisper in the trees.
O peace immeasurable that sings
In the great soul of simple things!
One impulse from a vernal wood—
To stand here where a deer has stood
To drink at dawn! To hear the fall
Of evening dewing over all!
To watch the distant planets move!
And hear birds roosting chirp of love!
To watch the fiddling Summer slide
To Autumn, and to hear the stride
Of thundering Winter, and in rain
To feel the Spring come back again!
Something there is—a glimpse of all—
And yet—O Spring! O Summer! Fall!
O Winter! Once more everything—
O Summer! Fall! Ah Winter! Spring.
Trees, brooks, and birds, and flowers, and bees!
And bees and flowers, birds, brooks, and trees!
To wonder always, more and more!
O wonderful! Ah wonderful!
Oh! Ah! Oh! Ah! O God, how dull!
What was it I was looking for?

Bozart (Atlanta) is a newcomer, containing this announcement of a discovery:

PROGRESS

By Nancy Telfair

When I was very young I thought
  That love was like a fire
Which flamed and left cold ashes should
  It happen to expire.

But now I've found since I am not
  So very, very young
That love is like a Broadway sign
  Above the pavements hung.

With darkness in between the flares
  To make them dazzle more,
It flashes on and off again,
  Each time, bright as before.

BROWNING'S concision is matched in this Irish poet, who has other metrical ingenuities displayed in *The Irish Statesman:*

A POET

By Geoffrey Phibbs

I'd have told by a touch, told to come plain plain
Pike plain to the mind's eye, how each feather lay to each
On hawk's wing whirring, or leaf to twig and twig to bough or beech,
Indeed and how, branching the bough, branched too the trunk's grain;
And more, how proud bubble to bubble-brick fitted in any cloud castle of Spain;
Over and about a bright with colours bubble let the thought range
Till suddenly mud-spattered. And I beheld
Eternity in a mud-spatter and yelled
As one made all at once aware hair bright might, must get mange;
Because of its right brightness inherent the mange change.
Who'd follow a bird finds herring red as rust, dry leaves, lime dust . . .
Oh, stay me with sardines, comfort me with apple dumpling,
Stay with me as one would smooth out, iron out, uncrumpling
The minds map tho' it crack, gap.

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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

DONNA RACHELE MUSSOLINI, "COUSIN OF THE KING"

PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE to a celebrity for a large part of one's natural life may be both a trying and a thankless task, yet the wives of great men are usually compelled to devote themselves to the mastery of that humble instrument. They become by sheer force of circumstances mere appendages to their distinguished husbands, especially when the latter happen to be of a masterful and egocentric type. To live such a life and yet retain one's individuality and poise calls for no little strength of character. The "better half" of Italy's Fascist dictator, Signor Mussolini, altho it is to be doubted whether he would approve of the percentage indicated by the term, is an extreme instance of this, we gather. Anne Herendeen, writing in the New York *Times Magazine*, gives us a brief but vivid sketch of this little-known woman's life and upbringing, and of her romantic passion for the fiery young Socialist who was to become the maker of modern Italy. We are thus gracefully introduced to the wife of the spectacular Prime Minister:

Photograph by courtesy of *Il Progresso* (New York)

THE DUCE'S SILENT PARTNER

Mussolini's self-effacing wife, who remains in the shadow while he flourishes in the sunlight.

Always in the spotlight is Benito Mussolini; always in the shadow is Donna Rachele, his wife. During Mussolini's five years of supreme power at Rome, he has never once, officially or semi-officially, been seen with his wife, nor has he mentioned her. At Mussolini's Roman residence there is no hostess. He does not entertain, tho sometimes a banquet, like the one to welcome De Pinedo, is given in his name at a hotel.

"I belong to all—and he who belongs to all belongs to none," says Mussolini in the preface to the biography which most pleases him.

What must it be like to be the wife of a great man whom you almost never see, and who never speaks of you or invites you to share his honors or his anxieties?

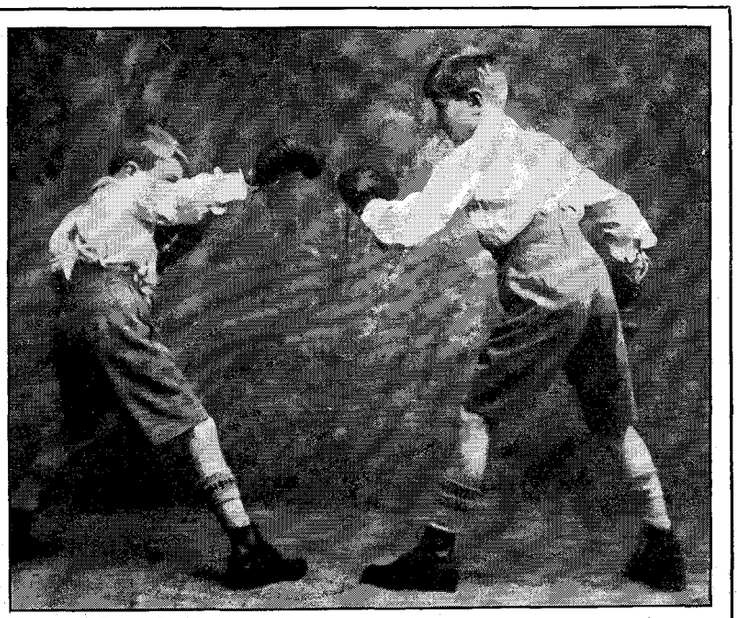
After pointing out that the idea of a helpmeet as a good pal is one that would not find ready lodgment in the Latin mind, a wife not being supposed to bother herself about her husband's affairs, either of a business or public nature, since an intrusion upon such purely masculine activities might be the cause of annoyance to her lord and master, the article returns to the lady in the case:

Still, retiring as Italian wives are, Signora Mussolini's habit of remaining in the background, entirely out of the picture, makes her, in the circumstances, unique. Her very absence makes her conspicuous. Here is a wife who, tho with no claims to modernity, lives, bears, and rears her children in a separate establishment from that of her husband—a husband magnetic, famous, and with whom she is in love!

What is Signora Mussolini like? Donna Rachele's antecedents, like those of her husband, are of the humblest. She was born in a peasant's stone hut in the commune of Predappio, near Forli, in Northeast Italy. Guido Agostini, her father, a farm-hand on the estate of Signor Zoli, died early and left his wife, Anna, to bring up the family, by tireless manual labor. Rachele began to work as soon as she could walk, helping to feed the animals, to clean the little hut and, as early as five, to bring water proudly from the fountain on her head. From the age of six to eight she had two years of schooling. Then she went seriously to work for one farmer after another.

The people of Romagna are a vigorous and a self-respecting people, kind to the weak and ill, but not inclined to let any able-bodied neighbor shirk his share of work. From the age of eight little Rachele was on her feet from sunrise to sunset, in the fields in seed time and harvest, on the Apennine hillsides, watching the flocks, trudging to town barefoot with garden truck on her head, to be exchanged for the far heavier bundle of treasured saucepans and other merchandise on market day. Romagna houses are built by the peasants themselves of the stones picked up in the field, put together with a little coarse plaster. There is no arrangement made for heating, and in winter the women knit and spin and gossip in the adjoining lean-to stable near the welcome heat of the animals.

Not a life for a weakling. But Signora Mussolini looks back on it, and especially on the time spent in the Montemaggiore section in the "ca Lunga," as a happy time, and she used to return regularly, even after her husband had become head of the Government, for "holiday in full liberty," which meant taking up her old work and meeting her old friends.



Photograph by Keystone View Company

TWO CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK

The Duce's sons evidently emulate their famous father's fighting qualities.

As a girl, we learn, Rachele was in nowise

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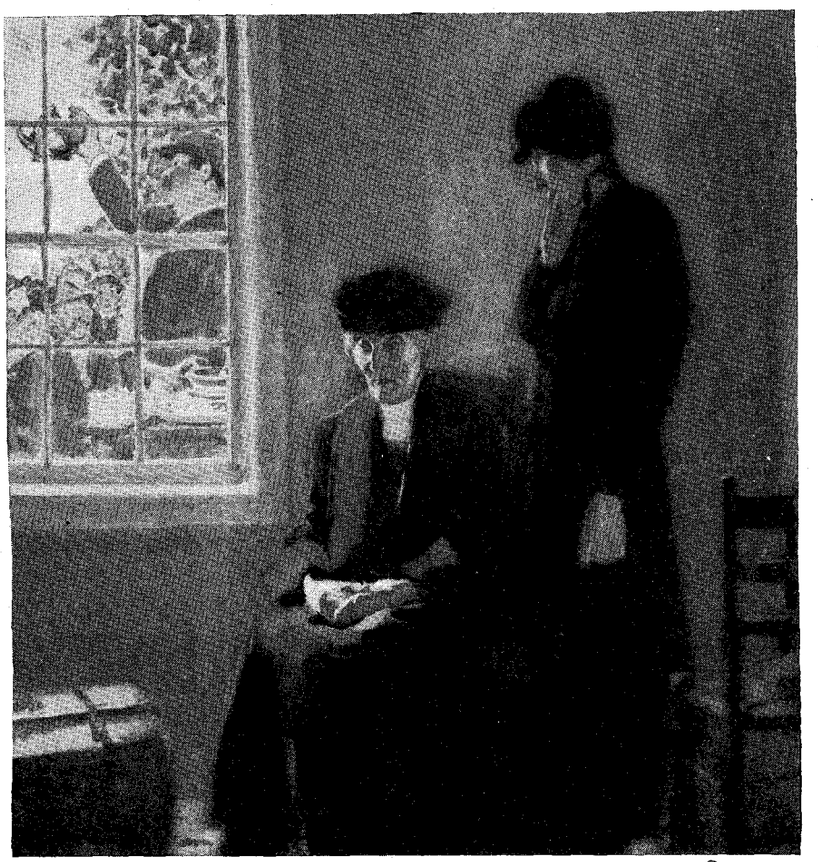
"Lest we forget"



©1927 M. L. I. CO.

"*It has been in this house fifty years. You can't find another piece like it. This, ladies and gentlemen, is genuine! What am I offered for it? These old treasures are going for a song. Give me a bid.*"

—*While the auctioneer rattles on, some of the neighbors think of the old days of entertainment and open hospitality in that house. They wonder how long the proud and lonely mistress has been fighting off the inevitable. Inside, she hears the auctioneer's words—"genuine", "fifty years in this house", "old treasures"—every word a thrust to her heart.*

* * *

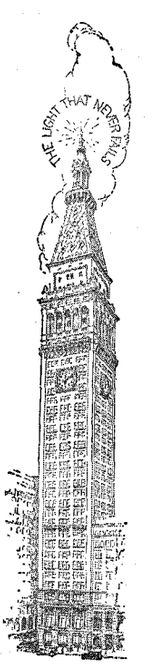
BABIES and old people are life's widest contrast and life's closest comparison. The younger they are and the older they are the more they need our love and care. For the helpless baby it is a sunny world. There is always someone ready to wait on him, to take care of him. Whether he laughs or whether he cries, the world smiles on him and tries to anticipate his every need.

But it is a gray, cheerless world for the tired, brave old soul who fails to get the care and waiting on and the affection she hungers for. And charity, when clumsily bestowed, stings almost as much as neglect.

A big business man said recently: "I think the saddest sights in the world are the old people whose relatives regard them as burdens—especially when they realize the situation. I think it is fine to build churches and take care of babies and the growing boys and girls, but every dollar I can afford to give away goes to the old people. Sometimes I pay their rent and keep homes together, and sometimes I provide little comforts when their homes are broken up."

While charity takes care of the friendless and helpless, and science is finding out how to prevent physical aches and pains, it remains for "society"—and that means all of us added together—to prevent old age from suffering one of its greatest sorrows—penniless dependence.

The United States and Canada pay bigger wages than other countries. Nearly all their workers earn enough to provide for old age. If they plan ahead, they may have in their years of retirement, not merely bare existence, but real comfort.



Almost every man and woman must face these five great hazards of life:

Death—which may come early, before one's dependents have been provided for.

Accident—always sudden and often causing lessened earning power.

Sickness—which may cause want as well as suffering.

Unemployment—which may bring distress to others in addition to the unemployed.

Dependent Old Age—which must seek charity if self-support is no longer possible.

"Society", through organized effort, with its millions of mutual life insurance policies, has done what no individual could do alone. It has found a way to meet four of the five hazards.

Annuities for old age, protection in case of death, accident or sickness—almost every financial requirement can now be met by insurance. Only one problem is still unsolved—Employment Insurance—and that will follow. The day must come when every family will plan to meet the great hazards of life so that no member of it will face the need of charity.

Thousands of Metropolitan policyholders have asked how much of the family income should be expended for immediate necessities; how much for clothing; how much for food; how much for fuel; how much should be laid aside for protection. Our booklet, "Let Budget Help", answers these questions. A copy will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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out of the ordinary, just a likable, hard-working peasant lass with nothing about her to hint at a high destiny. She labored on the farms about her home, with one brief period of domestic service in Rimini. And then, as the movie titles put it, came young love to change the world for her. The events that led up to this destiny-fraught attachment are now set forth for us:

A fellow townsman of hers in Predappio was Benito Mussolini, son of the village school-teacher and the village blacksmith; and while, being seven years older, he never noticed her then, it may be that years later, when they met again, the fact that she spoke the same dialect and knew the same people back home put her ahead of the other girls who were setting their caps at the swarthy, haughty young Socialist.

In 1905 Mussolini's father opened an osteria or peasant roadhouse, on the outskirts of Forli. He called it l'Agnello (the Lamb). This venture was a modest one. Alessandro Mussolini's inn confined itself to serving wine and macaroni and, occasionally, roast kid, to the passing truckmen and laborers. But there were rooms to be cleaned and dishes to be washed, so Anna (widow of Guido Agostini), his partner and cook, sent for her daughter, Rachele. The two women henceforth divided the work of the inn, while Mussolini senior spent his days drinking, arguing, and playing cards or bowls with his guests.

Now the stage was set for the return of the already talked-of innkeeper's son, just expelled, after five years' residence in Switzerland, for his political activities. He was twenty-four, Rachele seventeen. He lived at his father's osteria several months, and during his stay the quiet Lamb might far better have been called the Lion. He more than lived up to what Forli expected of him: an eccentric, violent, cynical young man and independent Socialist, with a dangerous gift for leading others. Now the evenings at the Lamb, always animated, took on a more heated and serious political character. Rachele, emerging from the cool cellar with fresh measures of wine for the guests, would listen, spellbound, to young Mussolini's fiery orations. There were plenty of people to warn her against such a suitor. Benito's father himself, with the authority of an employer, forbade her to listen to his son. Naturally all this was of no avail, and in the little osteria their love affair began.

Photograph by the Keystone View Company

MUSSOLINI'S ONLY DAUGHTER, EDDA

Rumor, now discredited, has assigned her a royal suitor in the person of Crown Prince Humbert.

Mussolini, we are told, soon went off to Austria, where he promptly got himself into trouble by his radical activities, and was presently expelled, upon which, like a homing pigeon, he once more "returned to Forli and Rachele." In 1912 he was appointed editor of the Socialist paper, *Avanti*, with headquarters in Milan. Thither the little family—father, mother, and their daughter Edda—removed and there they spent the next ten years in very moderate circumstances. As the article tells us,

> No doubt the Mussolini household had its ups and downs; during this period he was twice in jail; also Benito's imperious disposition, his intense absorption in his work, his year spent at the front must not be forgotten. But the Mussolini family circumstances were not radically unlike those of their neighbors until 1922. By this time Mussolini had made himself the strongest man in Italy. Then came the historic "March on Rome," from which he did not return.

The husband's translation to loftier spheres had, we gather, but little effect upon the household that he left behind. The Fascist leader might tread the difficult path to glory, but for his wife and children the more humdrum ways of middle-class Italian life must still be safer. The contrast between the circumstances of these two people thrust apart by the iron hand of destiny are thus pictured for us by the writer:

> While her husband advised Kings and created Cabinets, Signora Mussolini in her simple apartment in Milan went on living the life of any conscientious Italian wife. With the help of one or two servants she continued to superintend all the details of the housekeeping, and personally accompanied the boys every day to and from school. The boys (Bruno, now nine; Vittorio, eleven), as might be expected, are always on the point of exploding with physical vitality, a state of affairs which, the neighbors say, their father encourages on his brief visits home. Edda, who has just turned the corner into womanhood, is the most like her father. Recently she refused to remain at the Florentine convent school, to which her family had sent her. "I would rather," she is reported to have said, "see the world," and her father has agreed that she shall.
>
> With such a family of children, and now of course more than ever [since the recent birth of a fourth child] Donna Rachele is a very busy woman. Is she contented?
>
> Her title of "Donna" came to her when her husband received the highest political honor in Italy, the Collar of the Annunziata, which makes them both "cousins of the King." With it, even disregarding her husband's official position, she could knock at any door if she were socially ambitious.

But what of the woman herself? Has all this reflected glory changed her materially from the sturdy contadina of twenty years ago? We are not definitely told, but there is a hint that her very simplicity and unworldliness have in them an attraction that can still draw the Duce homewards now and again for a momentary respite from the killing pace of his public life and his energetic irruptions into world affairs:

> She is still young, not yet forty. She is vigorous and attractive. And her recently cut hair and modish clothes testify to an adaptability rare in those of peasant stock. Gossip has coupled her famous husband's name with more than one brilliant woman of the world, but it is indisputable that when disaster threatens him—as, for instance, it did after the attempt on his life at Bologna last November—it is with his wife that he seeks repose and security.
>
> Since the pathetically short two years of schooling in Romagna, Donna Rachele has studied, with her husband and alone. Perhaps she understands something of what her husband is doing. Certainly she understands him.
>
> Mussolini's own father said to her years ago: "Do not let yourself think of that young man. It would be better for you to throw yourself under a train. Married to him, you will have neither happiness nor peace."
>
> She married him as soon after this advice as possible.

Not so long ago it was reported from Rome that Premier Mussolini aspired to fuse his blood with that of the reigning house of Italy by marrying his daughter to the King's eldest son. If he ever cherished such an ambition, he would appear to have now abandoned it, for we read in a recent Rome dispatch in the New York *World:*

> Altho officially neither confirmed nor denied, Italians are convinced the engagement of Princess Marie-José of Belgium to Crown Prince Humbert of Italy will soon be announced.
>
> The Princess is visiting the Italian royal family at their country home in San Rossore, near Pisa, to celebrate to-morrow King Victor Emmanuel's birthday. No match would give Italians more pleasure, for the Belgian Princess is very popular here—she was educated in an aristocratic Italian convent—and is a Catholic by training and inheritance.

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FACES *that are* FIT *by* Williams

A dozen times a day we make quick and important appraisals of men.

Bearing. Clothes. Handshake. These sway our verdict. But most of all we judge our fellows by their faces.

Turn, then, at Shaving time to Williams, if you're wise,—to Williams and 87 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin,—what is best to keep Faces Fit!

For a quick comfortable shave choose the Williams lather,—thick, abundant, supremely mild.

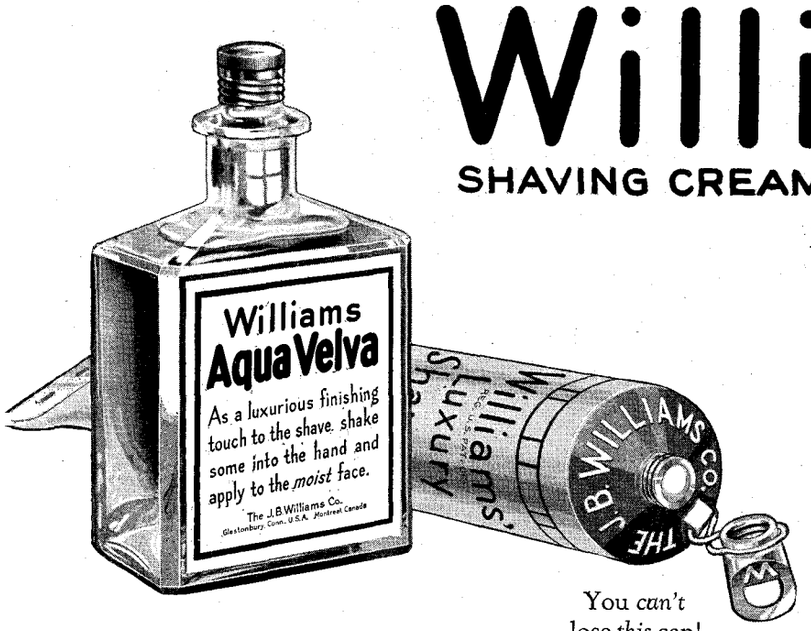
And to protect your newly shaven skin, to condition your face for the day, to carry on where Williams Shaving Cream leaves off, splash on Aqua Velva.

Make this Williams formula your regular morning habit. Your face will look better, feel better. Your skin will take on new tone—will keep buoyantly, youthfully Fit!

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who use Williams!"

Williams

SHAVING CREAM -- AQUA VELVA


Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B.Williams Co.
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THE J.B. WILLIAMS CO.
Williams
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You *can't* lose *this* cap!

Williams Shaving Cream—Absolutely pure. Absolutely uncolored. Super mild. It saturates and softens every hair. Thoroughly prepares the skin. Makes shaving quick and comfortable. Gently cleanses every pore.

"Oh, yes . . . sometimes they change . . . but they all come back to Williams!"

Williams Aqua Velva—Made expressly for after-shaving. Its stimulating tingle wakes the skin and livens it. Protects it from dust, germs, wind and weather. Prevents chapping. Helps to heal tiny nicks and cuts. Keeps the skin flexible by conserving its natural moisture. Helps to keep it young.

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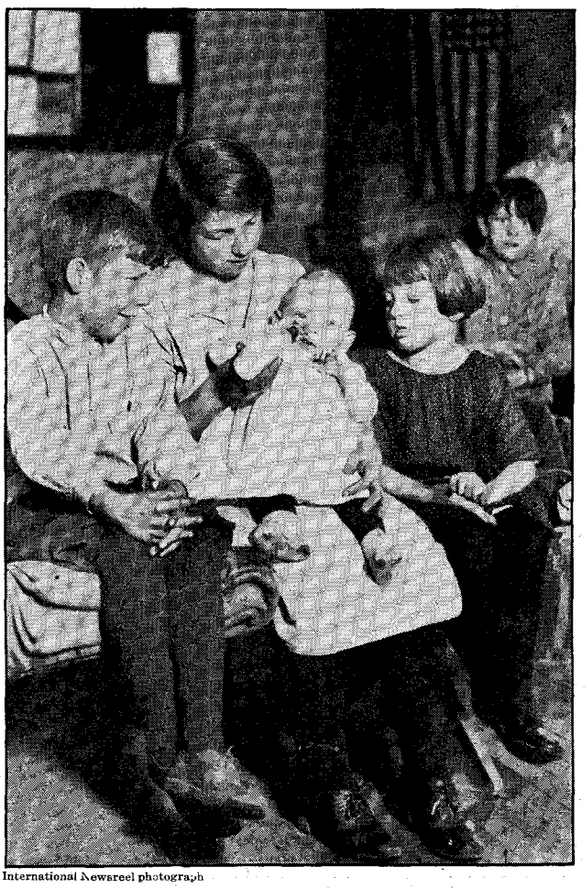
TRIALS AND HEROISMS OF THE NEW ENGLAND FLOOD

BEHIND A SWIMMING TEAM of horses swam a man, guiding them with the reins while he allowed them to drag him through the water, which was running fifteen feet deep in Main Street, Waterbury, Vermont. The man was Lloyd Squire, whom the Associated Press credits with some of the most picturesque rescuing exploits observed during the recent disastrous New England floods, which gave birth to a legendry of anecdote rivaling that resulting from the floods in the Mississippi Valley. Squire is the assistant editor of the Waterbury *Record*, the machinery of which had been crippled by the flood. He had already helped to save many lives, when he learned that "his own mother was trapt on the upper story of a house on Main Street." The only boat in town was a collapsible canvas canoe, which was now doing service in another neighborhood. "Squire could not wait," writes the A.P. correspondent, proceeding to relate that, "making his way to a higher part of town, he hitched up a team of horses and drove them into the flood." From which point we get the Homeric spectacle of the swimming team and its swimming driver. "Up to the house where his mother was trapt he drove his team, and tethered them, afloat, to an upper window shutout," and we read on:



International Newsreel photograph

COMFORT AFTER A NIGHT OF TERRORS

Little refugees at White River Junction, Vermont, a cross-section of the hundreds made homeless by the raging waters.

Climbing through an upper window, Squire carried out his mother and lasht her on to the back of a horse. Then off he set again, swimming behind the horses, and landed the elderly woman safely on high ground near the schoolhouse, which had been turned over for the shelter of hundreds of refugees.

So well did the horses perform this rescue work that they were kept in service, and swam from house to house almost continuously, with short rest, for twenty hours. Then, their stamina undermined, they suddenly gave up the struggle, while on another rescue mission, and sank together, not to rise again. By that time a flat-bottomed boat had drifted down the roaring flood, and had been captured, so Squire carried on his rescue work with that and the canoe.

That was when the flood first came; and on a later day, when the A.P. man penetrated the flooded area to Waterbury, Mr. Squire was still at work, swinging hand over hand across a steel cable over the Winooski River to succor the starving residents of Duxbury and North Duxbury, rowing across the little river to carry quinin to persons too weak to stand the rigorous journey to the hospital, helping trucks through town, working in the Red Cross headquarters—everywhere there was work to be done, he was to be found.

With it all he carried a laughing face, a joke for the downhearted, encouragment for all, a man doing a man's work without complaint.

A "house of light" came reeling down the Winooski Valley in the dead of night, when the flood was at its crest. Refugees and rescue-workers down Waterbury way rubbed their eyes at the ghostly spectacle as it swayed and staggered down the swollen and turbulent river, sometimes spinning like a stately top, anon bobbing and rocking in some choppy backwash. Lighting up the darkness like an ocean liner at bedtime, it struck the beholders with a sense of awe and mystery—"a two-story and attic house," related Mr. Squire, "twinkling and bowing in the rush of water, and every window lighted as if a family were about its ordinary living business inside." He is quoted further:

"We had our hands pretty full right at the moment, saving our own lives and as many others as we could, but that was a sight to make any one look. It went by very quickly, and, tho some said they could distinguish figures moving past windows, nobody could tell for sure whether the house was occupied during that wild ride or not. But it very likely was. It must have been a very sudden wrench that had pulled the house into the river without extinguishing the lamps, and if it had been a house from which the occupants had gone before the flood came, the lamps would have been turned out.

"We never heard what happened to it, but it is easy to guess. There'll be pieces of it now all the way from below here to Burlington and out into Lake Champlain, along with the wreckage of a hundred other homes."

Another A.P. dispatch, this time from Bolton, Vermont, tells of

Acme photograph

WHAT A PITY THAT MAN'S BEST FRIEND COULDN'T SWIM

These submerged automobiles at Westfield, Massachusetts, are typical of thousands caught by the rising water throughout the area of the floods.

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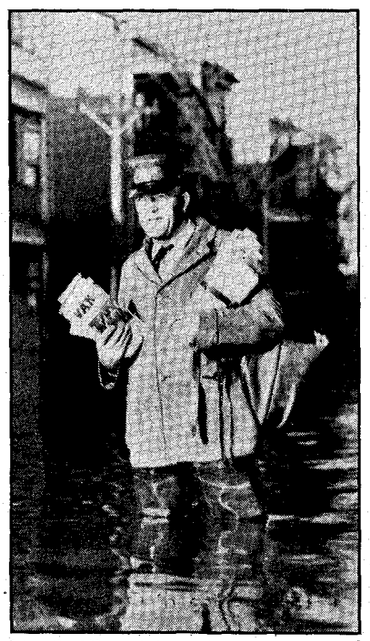
coffins having become "a symbol of life rather than death." As the story goes:

Bolton is completely cut off from the world for vehicular traffic, and even to get in by foot is a difficult task. An Associated Press reporter, who made the forty-mile journey from Burlington to Montpelier, was told by inhabitants of how coffins had played their part in the saving of life.

When the flood came, carrying away houses right and left, one of them a highway worker's shanty with twenty-two men in it, there was not one boat in the village with which to effect any rescues. But there happened to be four rough boxes at the undertaker's, and they were lasht together to make a raft. On this grim structure women were taken from upper windows, men were saved from roofs.



International Newsreel photograph

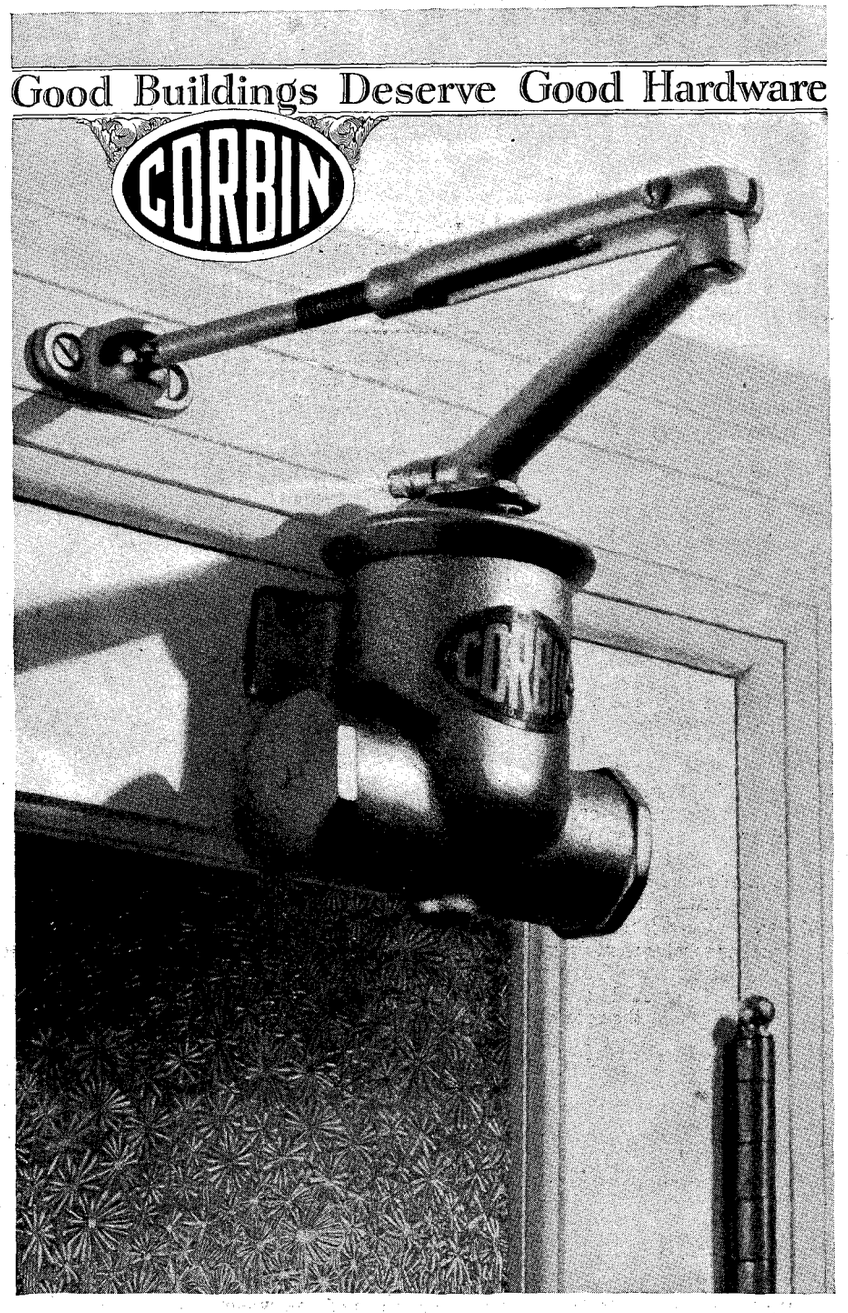
HARD TIMES FOR THE POSTMAN

Sloshing around in the water takes it out of the best-trained pedestrian, despite this one's cheerful grin.

Bolton began to run out of food. A messenger got through to Waterbury on foot, crawling over the twisted trackage of the Central Vermont railroad. There food in watertight containers was lasht to another raft made of coffins. Water in the river having by then gone sufficiently, it was floated ten miles downstream to Bolton, where the residents, seeing it approach, cheered the symbols of death.

Coming seventy miles by foot through the heart of the Vermont flood region at the height of the disaster, relates another Associated Press man in a dispatch from Concord, New Hampshire, William H. O'Kane, of Durham, New Hampshire, "left for his home by airplane, after passing a night here and recounting one of the most thrilling eye-witness stories to reach this city." Concerning which we read further:

Tales of heroism and cowardice, humor and tragedy were interwoven as O'Kane, a



What others often fail to remember Corbin Door Checks never fail to do—close doors

What of the drafts that whistle through half-open doors? What of the heat that escapes?

Corbin Door Checks close doors.

What of the doors that slam and bang and slam and bang—but never shut?

Corbin Door Checks close doors.

What of the privacy that doors ajar destroy? What of the open door that invites the uninvited in?

Corbin Door Checks close doors.

Good Hardware stores never fail to carry them in stock. And almost anyone can put them on.

Write for our booklet (L-11). It shows a Corbin Door Check for every need.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

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student at McGill University, Montreal, told of his hike—a feat which took him four days and five nights to accomplish, and on which he had only occasional meals of coffee and beans until he arrived at White River Junction, Vermont.

O'Kane is the son of Prof. Walter C. O'Kane, of the University of New Hampshire, at Durham. His story was:

"I got to Richmond, two miles southeast of Burlington, Vermont, about five o'clock Thursday afternoon. It had been raining hard for some time, but not until I reached Richmond did I notice that the Winooski River was rising. Suddenly my car gave a lurch and pitched down the side of a washout. It remained upright but when I visited it later before continuing on it was covered with ten feet of debris brought down by the flood.

"Silt was all over the banks of the river for 200 and 300 yards back. The river was rising rapidly, but I decided to push on, and finally got to Richmond, where I spent Thursday night and Friday. While I was there I was doing just what everybody else was—helping the other guy and yourself, anything, everything, to keep out of the rushing waters.

"Cattle were going down in the middle of the stream, some of them drowned, others swimming. Houses were swept from their foundations, and occasionally we saw one go floating by. Then you'd see other animals going down. One pair I recall particularly, a hen and a rooster on a barrel, and doing what people call 'log rolling.' They were walking as the barrel turned and kept it up until we lost sight of them.

"Another rooster went down on what might have been a surfboard. It would strike an eddy and pitch, the rooster would squat and then stand upright again. Then a pig came down, swimming like a porpoise, head under water, pushing up his nose for air. Down would go its head, then up with its nose; then even the busy people along the shore would cheer.

"At Bolton, near Richmond, I remember a family marooned upon an island upon which their house had been stranded. The only boat available was on the other side of the river, and most people were saying, 'What shall we do?' Suddenly one husky fellow about thirty years old tore off his clothes, swam the river, got the boat and brought it back; but he had to be hauled out, he was so exhausted. Other men in the boat then saved the family.

"One fellow I came across had just settled on a little farm in the valley, after coming from Massachusetts. He had bought probably $12,000 worth of live stock, and had just finished repairing his little home. Everything was swept away, and he and his wife barely escaped with their lives. I thought for a time he might commit suicide, for he kept moaning over and over, 'I'm through, I'm through.'"

The picture of ruin presented by the flooded area just after the stream left its bank was hard to describe, O'Kane said. At one point he hiked over what had been a new concrete road. In some places it had disappeared entirely, in others the mud on its broken surface was ankle-deep. Railroad tracks had been twisted around in spirals, he found, and in some places such deep washouts had been made that he doubted whether they could ever be filled.

Accosted by a National Guardsman in Waterbury, Vermont, O'Kane told of his hike, and was taken to the village church, where the Red Cross was serving beans and bread. Money, the young man found, "wasn't worth anything up there," for every one helped every one else. What little he had he gave to sufferers along the way, and he arrived in Concord with a check-book in his brief-case, which he carried the entire distance.

His final adventure was obtaining a seventy-five-cent steak for seventy cents—all he had left—at White River Junction, Vermont, where he arrived early last night. From there he came by milk truck to this city, and the airplane trip to his home, thirty-three miles away, was quickly arranged after a night's sleep, the first in nearly a week.

Copyright, 1927 P. & A. photograph

"THE WHOLE FLOOD IN ONE PICTURE"

So declares the enthusiastic photographer of this airplane view of a typical Vermont farm (near Bellows Falls), cut off from the world.

An aunt of President Coolidge, Mrs. Sarah Pollard, gave an Albany *Evening News* correspondent a graphic story of "the almost complete obliteration of the Vermont village of Proctorsville, a settlement of about 100 inhabitants in the Black River Valley, about thirty miles southeast of Rutland. Mrs. Pollard, who is eighty-seven, is quoted thus:

"I was at home with my son Fred on the night of the flood, keeping a watch on the rising waters, when word came to us that the Black River above us had risen to a point where it threatened at any moment to sweep down upon us. The people in the village were then ordered to be prepared to move at any moment. I was afraid of what might happen, as it was my second experience along this line.

"There was a sudden roar that just shook the whole town, and I hurried to my window and watched for the flood. The river then looked peaceful enough.

"Suddenly something that looked like a huge gray monster came pushing down the hills. Right across the railroad tracks it came, flooding the lowlands on the other side of the tracks. Our home is on the hillside, and Fred and I were safe.

"The waters rushed about as tho they would swallow up the whole countryside. I could hear people shouting and could see figures moving about the valley. I don't know who they were or what happened to them."

Eight potatoes were the sole provision of George Ravelin, an aged and helpless paralytic of Little River, Vermont, when the Red Cross reached him where he lay "in an unlighted, unheated house that fairly dript with the water which passed completely over it last week," according to another Associated Press correspondent, who continues:

The old man's plight was discovered last night by searchers from Waterbury, of which this isolated group of farmhouses is a part. Reports had drifted in that many inhabitants of the Little River district and regions farther along the Little River and Winooski were in distress. After a survey that took all day and lasted well into the night, the Waterbury Red Cross said that Ravelin's case was typical of conditions outside the villages.

Lloyd Squire crossed the river—which ordinarily is a timid little stream, scarce more than a brook, but which became a destructive torrent half a mile wide—in a rickety, flat-bottomed rowboat. In the Ravelin farmhouse he found the old man, a daughter and her four children and a son of the aged paralytic, all cold and wet.

With no way to cook even the eight potatoes that comprised their larder, and unable to get anything or ask for help, the woman and the children were taken one at a time across the little river in the boat, carried through mud knee-deep up a half-mile hill, and then transported by truck to Waterbury, where they received medical attention and hot food. Later they were taken to Stow, which is above the flood line.

But George Ravelin, with his huge farmer's body and useless legs, could not be carried in the frail rowboat, and so he passed another night in the house which was so saturated with water that pressure of a hand against the walls would squeeze it out as from a sponge.

His son stayed with him. Quinin was administered to ward off fever, and food to increase their failing strength. To-day rescuers planned another attempt to span the river with at least some temporary structure so that the old man might be carried on a stretcher to a hospital and have some chance of life.

The Ravelin home was engulfed during the flood. There is no water-line along the second story such as marks the majority of the houses along the Winooski and Little rivers, because the

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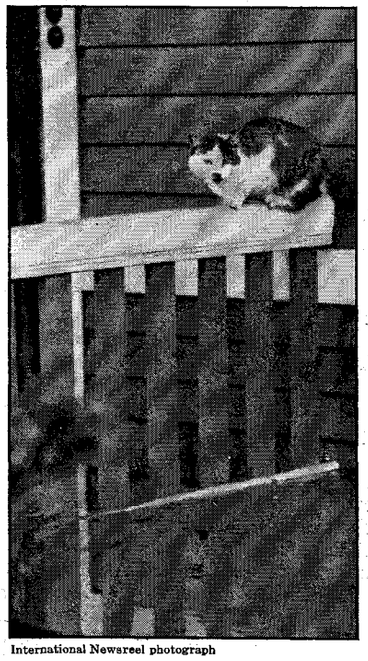
Springfield, Mass.

water did not stop at the second story, but rose above the roof.

A story in lighter vein is furnished by the same news agency from Bolton, Vermont, thus:

The village of Waterbury, which already has floated food down to this other village on the Winooski River on a raft made of lasht coffins, to-day unwittingly furnished another meal.

With the desire to repay in some way the kindness of Waterbury in sending food, Bolton inhabitants decided to clear the refuse from an old-fashioned covered bridge that had drifted down from the upper village.



International Newsreel photograph

PUSSY'S WATCHFUL WAITING

She'll keep her paws dry as long as possible —and there's still the roof.

Tangled in the midst of the refuse was an indignant 200-pound porker which had been caught there helpless since the flood first came last Thursday, and had in some manner escaped death in the mad ride down the river.

The hog was released and taken ashore, where he showed evidences of great pleasure at once more having both life and liberty. His pleasure was of short duration, however, for both his life and his liberty were brought to an abrupt end by means of a butcher's knife.

Bolton had pork for supper to-night.

Later, when the vast work of relief and restoration was well under way, we read of a steam-shovel, "eating its way" into Bolton, after fifty highway workers had "flung up a dozen temporary bridges and opened the main highway into Burlington," connecting Bolton once more with the outer world for the first time since the flood.

Half of Dartmouth College gave up academic pursuits the other day, according to a New York *Times* special from White River Junction, Vermont, "assuming the rôle of day laborers to help the people of the flooded towns." And the correspondent remarks:

Get rid of money worries *for good!*

TWO MEN were talking in a club-house reading room.

"Everything's going pretty well with me —*now*," said one of them. "I make enough money to pay the bills, enough even to take a vacation now and then. But I sometimes wonder how it would be if anything happened to me. I know perfectly well the house might be sold, my son taken out of school..."

The other man smiled.

"That's just the way I was fixed," he said. "And then a funny thing happened. I answered an advertisement and got hold of a copy of the Phoenix Mutual 'Prosperity Plan.' Maybe you've heard of it. I filled it out.

"I was paying 6% interest on our mortgage at the time. The Phoenix people showed me how by paying only about 1½% more I could fix it so the bank would hand the home over to my wife clear of debt. That was the end of that worry.

"Then they made a special arrangement that will put Jimmie through college. That fixed *that*. And just recently they fixed up what they call an 'income agreement'—and now the family will have an income of $100 a month after I'm gone.

"So the only things I had been worrying about are taken care of—and all because I filled out that little piece of paper!"

WOULDN'T you like to make *your* life plan financially foolproof? Wouldn't *you* like to get rid of money worries for good?

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Just four weeks ago to-day about the same proportion of the college men, drest in their best clothes, rode luxuriously in trains to Boston for the Harvard game. To-day twenty freight-cars pulled out of the Hanover, New Hampshire, station at 8 A. M. loaded with 900 Dartmouth men in their oldest clothes and bent on wielding pick and shovel in a collective act of mercy.

One group journeyed to West Hartford, Vermont, one of the towns hardest hit by the flood. Three or four feet of mud caked the streets there, and the job of the students was to clear away the mess.

It was not easy work, as bitter cold weather had frozen the silt until it was as hard as an ordinary roadbed. There were houses in almost the same conditions, which needed to be cleaned out,

Acme photograph

WATER ENOUGH TO EMBARRASS THE MILKMAN

The old joke about his pump was doubtless trotted out with timely trimmings when he delivered his "Grade-A" by boat, as above, in Springfield, Massachusetts.

and "grinds" and athletes alike toiled as a team to restore the places to their normal state of cleanliness.

The group working with wheelbarrows and shovels in White River Junction was headed by Roland Stevens, Chairman of the Hanover Red Cross Board and a Dartmouth graduate of the class of '95. In the group was Nelson Rockefeller, son of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Tom Maynard, intercollegiate high jump champion, wielded a pick in another place. "Bill" Heep, captain of Dartmouth's champion basketball team, directed another gang of student laborers. Professors Stacy May and Louis Stillwell collaborated on some work with a wheelbarrow.

Some students were engaged in dragging away the carcases of what had been a fine herd of cattle, all killed by the flood. Ross Wood was the sufferer from that bit of tragedy. Previously a prosperous farmer, Mr. Wood lost heavily from the raging waters in a few hours. His house and barn were rendered almost worthless. His wife suffered a mental shock, and is now out of her mind, and his children are all ill.

Everywhere there was concerted activity. Paleopitus, the Senior Advisory Council, had undertaken the responsibility for the work. These seniors, all leaders in campus activities, went about their jobs of directing the men as if they had been gang foremen for years.

Stewart Hoagland, one of the college literary lights and editor of *The Daily Dartmouth*, was in charge of the salvage work on the White River Junction schoolhouse. The interior of the building was covered with two feet of mud, and the back half of it careened crazily, where most of the foundations had been washed away by the surge of the waters.

When noon came the singing, cheerful groups tossed away picks and shovels and lined up for food. The Red Cross provided it, and then the men sat on doorsteps, sidewalks, or anywhere, to rest legs and backs weary from the unaccustomed labor. Some were noisy and some quiet. Many seemed to be contemplating the desolate scenes about them. After an hour's rest, they all turned to for more work.

Seniors labored with freshmen, and there were regular laborers and Dartmouth professors sprinkled through the groups. All worked willingly, and their combined efforts accomplished much.

White River Junction looked almost normal after the day's work was done.

We read of an Army airplane service with cargoes of blankets, food, medicine, and other supplies for the flood-stricken areas; and that other modern invention, the radio, played an important part in sending out warnings and summoning help. Once more the radio amateur showed the stuff of public usefulness that is in him. As the Baltimore *Sun* remarks in an editorial:

No general praise will be given, one imagines, to the amateurs who have radio stations in the New England flood area and who have taken on the job of handling messages in the emergency. The public is not aware of them. But their own guild can take note of them. More than that, it may well use the occasion to point out again the value of these radio operations outside of the professional field.

News stories as well as personal messages have gone through the ether from isolated districts to receiving stations of the short-wave fraternity. It was Station IBEB at Rutland, for instance, that gave word of the death of Vermont's Lieutenant-Governor in Montpelier, and of nine others in Barre. Station IBDX at Barre talked with Boston about sending a relief plane, and put through messages from individuals to their relatives.

These two samples of the amateur transmissions show what the little stations have been doing wholesale. They have played a part unsuspected by the public which thinks of radio communication as a task for corporations. Their operators, tolerated perhaps by neighbors as harmless enthusiasts, have taken up the service that the wires laid down, and have written a new chapter in the story of flood-relief work.

Apropos of which the Washington *Post* relates:

A graphic story of how the first messages were transmitted from the flood-stricken area of New England through amateur stations cooperating with the United States Army Signal Corps was obtained last night from C. A. Briggs, of 1311 Spring Road northwest. The local amateurs handled dozens of radiograms to and from a Montpelier, Vermont, amateur and a National Guard station outside of Boston, Massachusetts.

Briggs, with the aid of Willard Burton, 3621 Garfield Street northwest, held direct communication with the Montpelier amateur and established a working schedule for other operators which resulted in the quick delivery of food and medicine for the relief of the marooned population of Montpelier.

Scores of other amateur stations throughout the New England States formed a net of wireless communication to supplant the land service destroyed by the raging waters. Yesterday afternoon the tenseness of the situation was somewhat relieved by restoration of several wires into Montpelier and other stricken centers. Telegraph and telephone crews working under terrific hardships managed to clear up lines so that Red Cross and other official messages were reported delivered. Messages from survivors to relatives in other parts of the country, and other personal messages, however, are still being handled by the amateur radio men.

Briggs, an employee of the Agricultural Department, was called upon Saturday afternoon by the chief signal officer of the Army to "stand by" prepared to handle official communications. He established contact with a Boston station shortly afterward, and at 6:33 P. M. received the following message direct from the station at Montpelier, IBEB.

"Montpelier, Vermont, absolutely isolated from communication by truck or rail. Impossible to telephone or telegraph. Rush food and funds by airplane.

(Signed) J. P. Galleher,
Chairman, Red Cross.

He immediately relayed the message to Red Cross headquarters here.

Under orders from the signal corps Briggs then sent instructions to the Montpelier operator, organizing a schedule for communication with Boston. Scores of messages telling of the plight of those in the flooded sections were soon flying through the ether. Briggs remained at his post throughout the night, handling messages of every description, including an offer of the War Department facilities by Secretary of War Davis, addrest to Governor Weeks of Vermont.

While at his post he made contact with a station near Hartford, Connecticut, where Charles Budlong, an Army reserve

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officer was on duty at the key of a transmitting station at Brainard Field.

Brainard Field is an aviation post of the Connecticut National Guard near the Connecticut River. Budlong, a former resident of this city, was transmitting from a radio shack, in which the water, he said, was three feet deep. A boat was waiting at the door, to take him back to Hartford for the night, he said.

Brig.-Gen. Charles McK. Saltzman, chief signal officer, of the Army, yesterday commended the radio amateurs for their work in the emergency. "I can not speak too highly of the great work done by the Army Relay League in this crisis," he said. "On every occasion where a national catastrophe demands their services, the organization has distinguished itself."

One of the latest and most careful estimates of the loss of life, which at one time was thought to be well over 200, is 132. Hence the New England floods, despite their comparatively small area, have greatly exceeded the vast Mississippi floods in that one sinister respect. Of the New England property damage we read in an A.P. dispatch from Boston to the New York *Sun:*

Estimates of actual loss to the flood-swept area, including parts of New Hampshire, western Massachusetts and Connecticut, as well as Vermont, are still necessarily so vague as to be worthless, but that it will reach far into the millions is generally conceded.

Farmers in Vermont were described by Thomas Bradlee, director of the extension bureau of the Vermont Agricultural College, as "too crusht to carry on." He estimated 15,000 cows alone had been lost in addition to great quantities of other stock, and in some cases every building on the farm.

Governor Spaulding of New Hampshire put the damage to State highways and bridges at $2,700,000, with no attempt to estimate loss to railroads and private property owners.

Vermont railroads prest their reconstruction efforts, but there was little mileage that could be operated with safety. Stories were told of station agents on the Central Vermont who labored to dig their offices out of many feet of silt, but the most optimistic estimates were that parts of that line would not be in operation for three months.

M. K. Peckord, in charge for the Red Cross of work in Massachusetts, reported that some sections of Springfield would probably not be dry for a week, and that refugees were not being allowed to return to their homes without approval of health authorities. He estimated the number of homeless there to be between 2,400 and 4,000. At Chicopee 600 persons were affected, and there were three cases of scarlet-fever. A similar number were homeless at Northampton, and many buildings were damaged and live stock lost.

The situation in Connecticut was clearing, altho the main highway from Middletown to Hartford was still impassable. The river has receded half a dozen feet and is still going down.

At Manchester, New Hampshire, police rounded up 200 unemployed men, who were recruited to the Boston & Maine labor gangs working to restore the right of way through New Hampshire and Vermont.

Farther north in the same State, 900 Dartmouth College student volunteers took a day off from studies to help clear away flood débris which accumulated at Hartford.

Under the OAKS on the Gulf Coast

where pirates buried their loot; where offended gentlemen fought their duels; where grand dames and fine ladies met their lovers; where treaties were effected between the Spaniards and the Indians---under these same oaks today run splendid motor highways which lead you up and down the emerald Coast of the Gulf of Mexico, one of America's most charming and interesting vacation lands.

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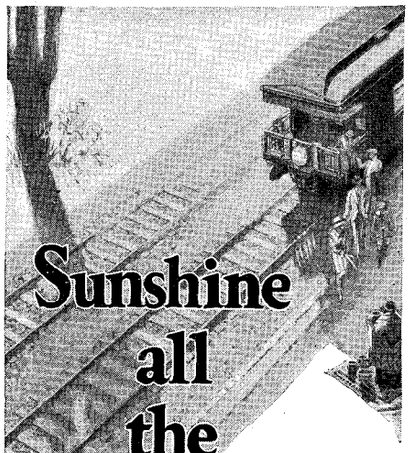

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

In western Massachusetts, Lieut.-Gov. Frank G. Allen, completing a tour of the storm area, said the State expected to spend $300,000 in highway reconstruction and other works there.

According to a later Washington special to the New York *Times:*

At the direction of President Coolidge, Attorney-General Sargent and Secretary Hoover will go to Montpelier to confer with Gov. John E. Weeks of Vermont in regard to plans for rehabilitation work made necessary by the recent New England floods.

The Governor had advised by a telegram to the President that conditions were so serious that relief work would require all of the aid which the Red Cross and Government could give, if the situation was adequately to be handled. Mr. Sargent will go to Montpelier at once, and will be joined there Wednesday by Mr. Hoover.

Secretary Hoover was summoned to the White House by the President to discuss the New England flood conditions, and it was after this talk that the announcement was made that Mr. Hoover and the Attorney-General, the latter a resident of Vermont, would make the trip to Montpelier.

The President was represented as of the opinion that Mr. Hoover's engineering ability and his experience in his inspection of the Mississippi flood area would be of great help to Governor Weeks in connection with the formulation of plans for rehabilitation in Vermont, and for relief work among flood victims. It also was said that the President was desirous of finding out what the Federal Government might be able to do in the way of aiding the efforts of the State authorities. Advices received by the President have been to the effect that very considerable damage was done to highways, railroads, and buildings.

The President, it was said, had given his approval to a plan outlined to him by the Vermont Society of Washington, through its President, Col. Joseph Fairbanks, and Senator Dale of Vermont, for the raising of funds by popular subscriptions. The President was advised by them that there was considerable suffering among the people, particularly among the farmers of Vermont, who sustained heavy losses of cattle and property.

The Red Cross announced to-night James L. Feiser, Vice-President of the Red Cross in charge of relief work in the New England area, will meet Attorney-General Sargent in Burlington, Vermont, to-morrow to discuss the situation. Mr. Feiser also expects to confer with Secretary Hoover, while he is in Vermont, and discuss plans for completing the reconstruction program.

Additional reports from the flood-stricken communities, which reached Red Cross Headquarters, it was stated, put the number of persons receiving assistance from the organization at 7,455.

While, as far as can be learned, there was no thought on the part of the President that his action in ordering the Cabinet officers to Vermont might be looked upon as having political significance, such, nevertheless, was the case.

Opponents of Mr. Hoover, among political leaders, have recently commented on the fact that, while the Secretary was sent into the Mississippi flood area, he had not been ordered by the President to go to Vermont. They appeared to see in this evidence of what they allege to be lack of sympathy by Mr. Coolidge in the reported ambitions of Mr. Hoover to obtain the nomination if Mr. Coolidge does not run himself.

So the White House announcement that the President had asked Mr. Hoover to go to Vermont gave a new turn to gossip in political circles, and checked the tongues of those who had thought to see in the situation proof that the Administration was out of sympathy with him as an aspirant for the Republican Presidential nomination.

The situation in the Vermont flood zone was described by Maj.-Gen. Preston Brown, commanding the First Corps Area, in a report to the War Department.

"In vicinity of Burlington, conditions are improved," he telegraphed. "Practically all towns are now connected by telephone. Water supply in Waterbury functioning. Flying weather is poor. Air reconnaissance with special missions of reporting on bridges started out this morning over Newport, Lamoille Valley, and entire northern area. Planes are working on established signals with the ground, so that if shortage in supplies is signaled, they can be delivered by transport plane by dropping.

"A detachment of thirty-five men has been sent to Montpelier at request of Governor. Roads to Waterbury will be open in twenty-four hours. Muddy roads add to difficulty of communication. There is no suffering but much hardship. There are ample supplies and every one is being cared for."

A last glimpse of one recuperating flood center is given in this A.P. dispatch from Waterbury, Vermont:

In this and other villages of the Winooski Valley, the heart of the Vermont flood district, the water systems have at last been repaired, largely removing the threat of typhoid, and the water, drawn from the very streams that ravaged the villages, is being used to remove traces of the damage it had done.

Homes, shoveled out during the week, were to-day scrubbed with mop and brush. Streets where last week torrents ran fifteen feet deep were being flushed from stand pipes, and clothing, caked with river mud during the inundation, was washed and hung to dry.

There was heat in most of the houses, and cooking was being accomplished somehow, tho this was hampered by a peculiar action of the farmers at the time of the flood.

A journey along the Winooski reveals scores of weighty kitchen stoves perched high in hillsides or rocky promontories above the homes they once adorned. When disaster came, it was the stove that was thought of first and the stoves were saved. When the flood passed, the stoves were still upon the mountainsides, and no one could seem to have ambition left to bring them down.

The food is almost entirely such as has been brought in over the reconstructed roads this week. Cellars, stocked with home-grown provisions to last through the long winter, were disastrously flooded, and the farm folk are facing the winter without food, and many of them without money to buy it.

But they are a proud people, and one of the difficulties relief workers report is this pride that scorns charity in any form.

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HOW LEONIE GAINED HER CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

"WHERE are you going?" demanded the German sentry.

"To Mass," replied Léonie.

"It's too early," retorted the enemy soldier.

In truth, it was five o'clock on a cold October morning in 1914, in the streets of Roubaix, in Northern France. Léonie Vanhoutte, a charming and modest young woman who was destined to render invaluable secret service to the Allies, had forgotten that the invaders had forbidden the French inhabitants to appear in the streets before six o'clock in the morning. She was starting out alone to find a route of escape for her brother by way of Holland, so that he could join the French army. In *The Cornhill Magazine* (London), her remarkable adventures are narrated by B. S. Townroe, apropos of the heroine's recent decoration by the French Minister of Public Works, M. Tardieu. Returning to that early-morning encounter with the German sentry, we read:

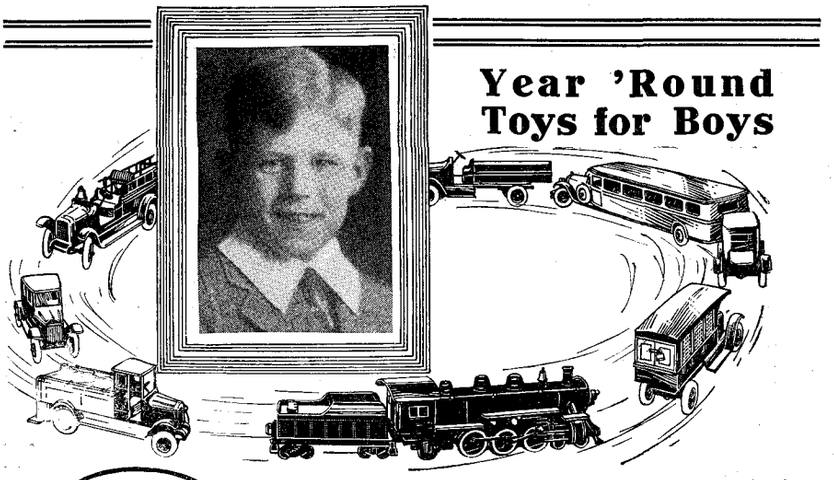
Léonie appealed to him, and said: "Do let me pass. I thought it was six o'clock, but my watch must have gained." The German soldier looked at the open face of the girl, noted her brassard, and then inspected her nurse's card.

"Go on, quickly," he said.

She obeyed his advice and walked steadily over the Belgian frontier to Mouscron, and so to Ghent. It was a journey of forty-five miles, and she had to walk all the way. Whenever she was stopt by German patrols on the road, she showed her card, and said, "I am going to see an aunt who is ill in the next village. Please let me pass, for I am afraid she is very near her end." Her ingenuousness made the soldiers shrug their shoulders and let her go on. At Ghent some friends gave her the address of those persons who made it their business to help any who wished to travel to Holland. She consulted these secret agents, who told her that not only could they help her brother and herself to go by the "underground route," but that others too could be included in the party, only that it should not number more than five.

She therefore returned to Roubaix and found two Belgians and an Englishman ready to take the risks, but first she made them promise that, if they regained their own country safely, they would rejoin their military units. They kept their promise, and two of the party were killed later in the war. The story of this journey from Roubaix through to Flushing is told with great vivacity by M. Antoine Redier in his book "La Guerre des Femmes." M. Redier took part in the public meeting on February 27, 1927, when Léonie was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and he then paid an eloquent tribute to her. He told how the men in the trenches fought without knowing what was passing behind the line, and how Mademoiselle Vanhoutte twenty times crossed the whole of Belgium. I must acknowledge my debt to M. Redier for much of the information contained in this story, and especially for details of her first adventurous journey with her brother and three other men.

They started out from their homes one by one and met in a street at Tourcoing at



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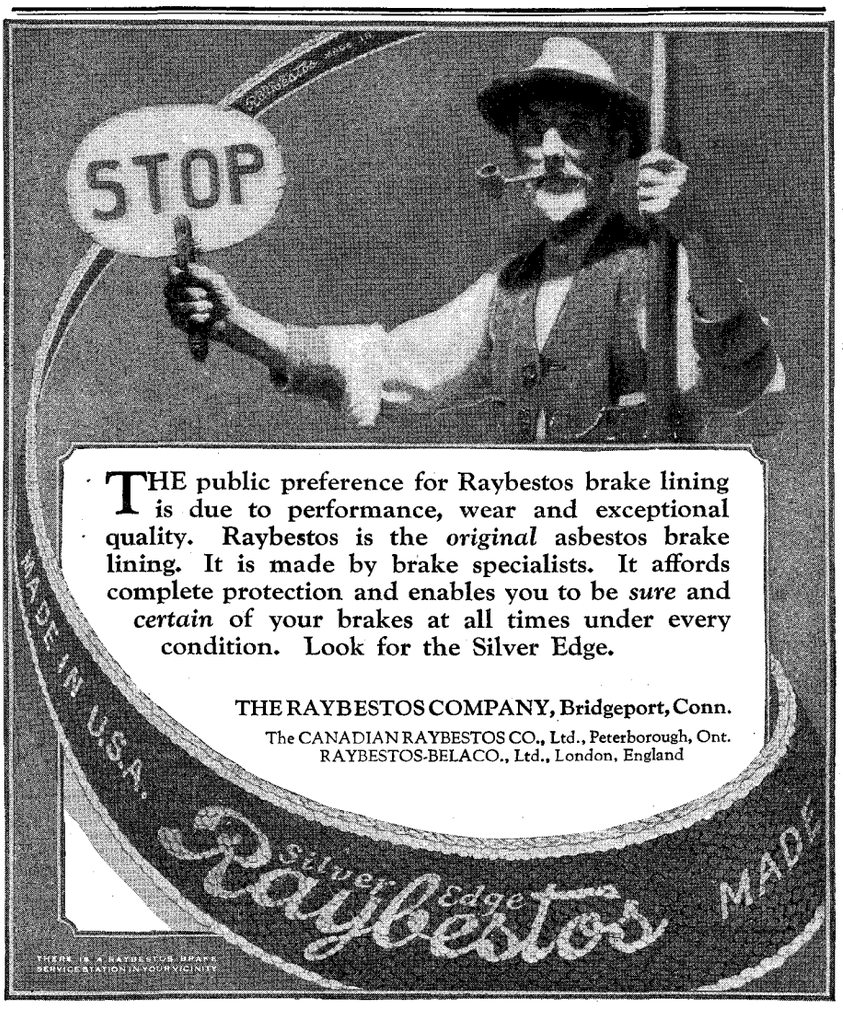

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the end of which was the barrier marking the frontier between Belgium and France.

When they found themselves safely across the frontier in Belgium, they walked quickly to Mouscron, where they took tickets for a local train going to Courtrai. The conductor of the train, knowing that certain of his fellow countrymen might have good reasons for wishing not to be observed too closely by the German authorities, warned some of the passengers that, at the next station, a German policeman would come along the train to examine passports. Accordingly, when the train stopt at the station, Léonie and her party climbed out of their carriage and hid under the train on the track until the examiner of passports had passed through their carriage. Then they climbed back again.

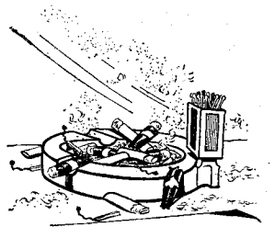
At Courtrai, we learn, they spent the night at a hotel "where the manager was one of the brave band who undertook to make the secret road to liberty as safe as possible." And then:

After a good sleep and a substantial meal, they set out on the road again, for they had thirty miles to walk that day if they were to reach Ghent in the evening. All along the route, too, there were military posts. Before they reached these, Léonie went to houses near by, where the inhabitants were able to give her some information about the ways of those on guard, and possibly to suggest means of passing them without difficulty. For example, with some sentries it was quite safe to try the trick of dropping a matchbox while the sentry was examining the papers. The German, if he understood, would let the party pass, and then would pick up the box, which would contain money, for at that time many of the German soldiers were not above taking a bribe. If the guard obviously did not understand, Léonie would quietly pick up the matchbox as tho she had dropt it by accident.

She had some difficulty with her companions, who were rather clumsy in playing their part as peasants. They had to be warned that the French method of salutation was different from that of the Flemish, and that certainly peasants did not walk with their hands behind their backs. After leaving Harlebeke, the party were given a lift by a peasant for five francs a head. Thus in the evening they reached the hostelry called "La Ville d'Audenarde," at Ghent, and were received by the innkeeper, who was in the secret.

The next day at dawn the five travelers took their places in a large farm wagon. They were hidden in the bales of straw and were warned that they must not on any account make any movement or utter a cry should the German soldiers at the sentry posts thrust their lances into the straw. Two other farm wagons were also loaded with straw. One was placed in front of the one containing the fugitives, and the other behind. The men in charge were pig merchants, and were carrying straw to Bouchaute, the last village before the frontier.

The same tactics were adopted at each German post. The first wagon kept well in the front. The soldiers came up to it and thrust their lances into the bales. Then the chief wagoner, who was thoroughly



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accustomed to making the journey, went into the guard-room to sign the necessary papers and made jokes with the German soldiers. While he was doing this the wagon containing the fugitives came up, and the driver drove past the first wagon and stopt in front of it. He then also entered the guard-room and chatted with the Germans. When they all came out he presented the wagon that stood second in the line, which in fact had already been examined, as if it were his own. The other wagoner walked straight to the front wagon, started his team, and so carried off unharmed the party hiding among the straw. This system was so successful that not once on the journey were the fugitives touched by a German lance. Of course, when no one was in sight, they were allowed to put their heads out into the air so as to avoid complete suffocation from the dust and heat. Such was the journey which lasted from 9 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, traveling across the flat part of Belgium on cobbled roads.

An alarming incident happened at Bouchaute, the last village before the frontier, which was strongly guarded. It is explained that:

Just before the town is reached the road is traversed by the railway line which joins Antwerp to Bruges and Ostend. At the station close by the road a band of German soldiers was stationed, who had strict instructions to let no one pass without a searching cross-examination. There was no chance of the fugitives crossing in the farm wagon at this spot without being discovered, and therefore the wagons stopt in front of a small estaminet over the porch of which was written the name of the proprietor, "Edmonde Dhollander." He, with one or two of his friends, undertook to take charge of all fugitives, and to escort them into Holland, which lies only a few hundred yards away.

Léonie and her companions were told in a whisper that they must lie quietly in their hiding places until it was dark. At nightfall they were told that they should clamber out of the wagon, but that they must take great care, for only some twenty yards away sentries were on the watch with instructions to fire at the least suspicious movement. One by one the little party succeeded in reaching the house, where all the lights were dimmed. Léonie, when telling her story years afterwards, confessed that at that moment she was really terrified, for in the shadow of the living-room they could just see a fat woman and three men who looked more like brigands than inn-keepers. The woman served coffee at a very dirty table and then said, "Now it's time for you to lie down." She led them to a loft reached by a ladder. It was divided by partitions, and in the further one the four men lay down on a heap of straw and in a few minutes were snoring peacefully. The girl stopt in the other compartment, but she was not able to sleep for the cold. Some hours later a woman's voice whispered from below, "It's midnight. You must come down now."

The party of five descended and were given some more hot coffee and a little gray war bread. The woman then made signs to indicate that it was time to go.

"How much?" asked Léonie.

The woman, who could only talk Flemish, again signaled with her fingers that the price for a safe conduct to liberty was 25 francs for each person. One of the young men wished to give 10 francs more, but the woman indignantly refused.

"On no account. We are not trying to do a deal," she said.

A man who was sitting in a dark corner by the doorway rose up, and said to Léonie in Flemish:

"Be brave. You look frightened."

"No! no!" she declared. "Not at all."

Then he looked out of the door and said in a soft voice:

"Come on. One at a time."

They all went out into the courtyard behind the house, and he tried to give instructions in a language that was half Flemish and half French. He ordered them to bunch together so that there should be as short and solid a shadow as possible under the light of the moon. He then added:

"On no account say a word. Keep your ears open so as to obey me quickly."

Then going up to each member of the party he shook hands and said brokenly:

"We are going to risk our lives to save yours."

An opportunity was given them to pass over the railway line owing to the fact that during the night the sentries, who had been two hours on duty, were not inclined to wait for those who were to take their place. During the day, the sentry coming on duty relieved the man whose allotted time had been completed, but at night the man who kept watch found the time pass very slowly, and he usually slipt from his post to awaken the man who was to relieve him. Accordingly, there were a few moments when the railway line was free, and the guide used that chance to slip across with the party. They had wrapt their boots in rags so that there should be no noise, but even so, Léonie afterwards declared that she never realized until that time how broad a space a single railway line can be! Safely across, they left the road and took a footpath running through the fields.

Suddenly a dog barked, and they all lay down flat upon the ground. The guide was anxious to go on. Far away could be heard the mournful cry of the great horned owl. This was a pre-arranged signal that all was clear, and that the cry heard in the night was made by a companion who had gone on in advance. The dog continued to howl at the moon, and the leader decided to advance. At regular intervals was heard the bird's cry, and the barking of the dog became fainter and fainter. Through the damp grass they walked until they came close to a fence of barbed-wire which extended all along the frontier that divides Holland from Belgium.

Just in front was one of the small streams used for irrigation. The guide made a sign to them to lie down, face covered, and not to make any movement. Then he took one of the men on his back, climbed down into the stream, waded across it and deposited his burden on the opposite bank. He crossed in this way five times, and thus brought all to the barrier. While he lifted one of the strands, the fugitives wriggled under the wire, and in one or two cases made the mistake of getting to their feet before they were clear.

When they were through, the man who had been signaling with the owl's hoot rose out of the grass, and half by gestures, half in whispers, explained to Léonie what she might expect in Holland.

Passing over the French girl's first experiences in that neutral country, we come to a remark of Mr. Townroe's that "the marvel to us who can look back on these

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

deeds of courage, of which so little was known during the war, must be that Léonie should have been prepared, after having survived so many dangers, to make nineteen further journeys, until even her good fortune failed." Now we arrive at a decisive moment in her career:

She said good-by to her brother and her three companions, and then stood alone on the quay, having accomplished her mission, and wondering how to return to her parents. At that time Flushing was full of the secret agents of the various Powers. One of these, who was in the service of the Belgian Government, begged the girl to go back to the occupied territory and help in obtaining valuable military information, and passing it on. She was glad to be useful in any way, and agreed.

After resting for about ten days, she returned to Bouchaute by a different route that was considerably easier than the first. Thus Léonie repassed the frontier and arrived, after various adventures, back at Ghent and eventually at Roubaix.

A few weeks later, having obtained as much information as she could about the movements of troops and the positions of batteries, she journeyed back to Flushing, almost under the same conditions and by the same route. On her return she met "Alice, O.B.E.," Madame Louise de Bettignies, who asked for her help as a colleague in obtaining and carrying military information.

Léonie asked for a few hours to decide before she gave a reply. She consulted her parents. Her mother was strongly opposed, but her father agreed from the first. To-day Léonie states how she felt dominated straightaway by Alice, and was ready to follow her anywhere. Accordingly, after a few hours' thought, Léonie went to Alice, and said:

"I await your orders."

Thus she owed her allegiance to a chief whom she followed until they were both condemned to death, and she knew that she had come to a decision that meant that she journeyed with her life in her hands.

After this the two worked together for the British and Belgian Intelligence Services, and carried information across to Holland that had been obtained from the numerous allies in the North of France.

It is said that owing to the accuracy of information thus carried across by Léonie and her companions in the early summer of 1915, certain German batteries in the Lille district were three times shelled and destroyed.

In order to convey this intelligence the two girls disguised themselves, sometimes as merchants of lace or of cheese, sometimes as peasants or as milliners. They escaped capture on many occasions by their quick wit and strategy, but the inevitable conclusion at length was reached. The two women were arrested. Léonie was caught at Brussels, where she was working in liaison with the group in which Nurse Cavell took part, and her friend near the frontier. They were both placed in the notorious prison of St. Jean at Brussels, and were each subjected to a rigorous cross-examination by an agent of the police known as Goldsmith, and a German whose name was Stroeber. At length they were condemned to death by court martial on May 16, 1916. When the president of the court announced this sentence and asked Madame de Bettignies if she had anything to say, she replied:

"Yes, gentlemen. I ask that pardon may be given to my friend. She is young, and I beg mercy for her."

Then they put the same question to Léonie, who had not understood what her companion had said, for the latter had spoken in German. But Léonie answered:

"I accept your verdict and you can shoot me, but I beg of you before I die to pardon Madame de Bettignies."

Those appeals were apparently disregarded. The women were taken back to prison, and next morning when the soldiers entered their cell they thought that they were to be taken out to die. But the men brought the news that General Von Bissing had commuted their death penalty, in the case of Alice to life imprisonment, and for Léonie to fifteen years' hard labor.

Madame de Bettignies died in a convent in Cologne, but Léonie was freed on November 8, 1918, when the gates of the prison were thrown open at the Revolution. She then came back again to her obscure life at Roubaix.

Eight years after, the news was brought to her that the French Government intended to decorate her with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and she exclaimed incredulously, "Eh, bien! en voilà une histoire!" Such is the history of another of the war heroines of France.

Haunting Memory.—A certain golfer who is so completely absorbed in his pastime that mere domestic matters have long ceased to trouble him, has a small son named William.

One evening, upon returning from the country club, his wife remarked, "William tells me he was caddying for you all afternoon."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the astonished man. "Well, now that you mention it, I thought I had seen that boy before."—*The Outlook.*

On to the Lingo.—A mountain schoolteacher corrected a boy who had said, "I ain't gwine thar."

"That's no way to talk. Listen:

"I am not going there; thou art not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?"

"Yessur. They ain't nobody gwine!"—*Hardware Age.*

Union Rules for Sandwich Boards.—A well-meaning pedestrian said to a man who was employed to advertise on the street: "Pardon me, but do you know that your sandwich boards are turned wrong side out?"

"Sure, I know it," was the snappy reply. "Yer don't suppose I'm goin' to work in me lunch hour, do yer?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Eternal Flapper.—The Seven Ages of Woman.

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The young woman.

—*Louisville Times.*

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

THE DYE CURE

SHALL we dye that we may live? Apparently so, in some cases. A bulletin of the American Chemical Society (New York) tells of remarkable results with dyes in what are described as desperate cases of blood poison. These were reported by Dr. Hugh H. Young of the Brady Urological Institute, Baltimore, at a recent meeting of the Society in Detroit. Dr. Young's own summary of the researches says:

Dyestuffs have proved increasingly interesting on account of remarkable therapeutic properties. At the Brady Urological Institute, researches over a period of ten years have been made with hundreds of dyes.

Efforts have been made to find drugs that were germicidal, non-toxic, non-irritating and efficient in serum, urine, bile, and other body fluids. Three new drugs have been produced of great value in certain infections, on account of penetration afforded by the dye, and efficient germicidal effect.

With one in particular, mercurochrome, remarkable efficiency has been shown not only in the local treatment of infections but in intravenous therapy. A 1 per cent. solution is injected into the blood-stream.

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In some cases of blood poison, where the condition was desperate, the results have been remarkable.

LEARNING TO BUILD TEETH

INFORMATION in regard to the development and care of the teeth is disseminated at practically all prenatal and child-health conferences in the United States cooperating under the Maternity and Infancy Act, according to a statement recently issued by the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, summarizing the activities of the forty-three States and the Territory of Hawaii in this field, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1926. We read:

Seven States, Colorado, Iowa, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, reported the employment of dentists or dental hygienists, usually for short periods of time. Louisiana and Iowa had full-time dentists regularly on the State staff, and in Mississippi a dental hygienist was employed jointly by the maternity and infancy division and the other divisions of the State Board of Health. Something of the scope of the work is indicated by the fact that eighty-four dentists gave volunteer services at dental conferences. At these conferences 32,265 children and 853 expectant mothers were examined and received dental advice. The importance of the mother's diet before the baby's birth, when the baby's temporary teeth are being laid down, of the diet of the small child when the permanent teeth are being formed, the cleaning of the teeth, the filling of temporary teeth, and the care of the six-year molars and early permanent teeth are all given special attention in the course of any conference.

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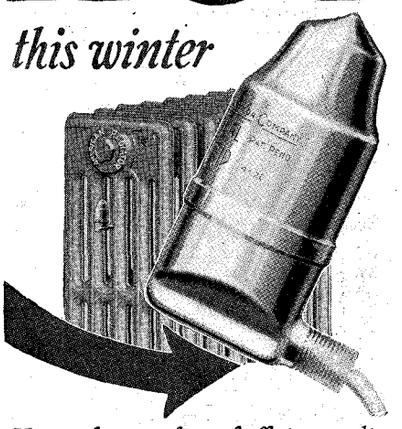

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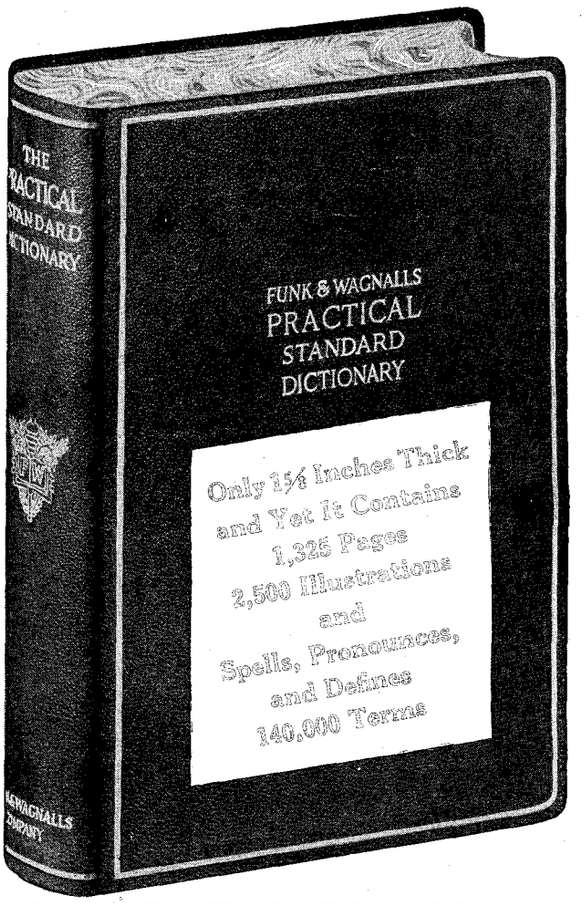

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BIG BUSINESS SPRINGS A FARM-RELIEF PLAN

EVERYBODY HAS HAD HIS SAY about how to help the farmer. We have heard much from the farmers and the politicians, and now the merchants and manufacturers and bankers come forward with their ideas, which are given a very respectful hearing from the press. The report of the Business Men's Commission on Agriculture has been awaited hopefully for some time by President Coolidge, we read in the Washington papers, altho, of course, the Commission has no official standing. It seems to the Baltimore *Sun* that its report represents "the most thorough and most impartial survey of the farm problem that has yet been conducted." The New York *Times* calls it "the voice of business sensibly addressing itself to the farm." Putting it briefly, the Commission rejects the McNary-Haugen idea, but calls for tariff readjustment, a commission to stabilize farm prices, and a revision of railroad rates. The Business Men's Commission, our readers may remember, was created about a year ago jointly by the National Industrial Conference Board and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Its chairman is former Secretary of Commerce Charles Nagel, and among his associates are President E. M. Herr of the Westinghouse Company; J. G. Lonsdale, a St. Louis banker; President John Stuart of the Quaker Oats Company; Alfred Swayne, Vice-President of General Motors, and Mr. Paul M. Warburg. The positive suggestions made by the Commission are stated in part as follows by Mr. Nagel:

1. The Commission believes that efforts should be made more nearly to equalize, as between agriculture and manufacturing industry, such benefits as the existing protective tariff system can afford to both. Protective policies which tend to place artificial obstacles in the way of natural and normal extension of markets for American farm products, and which tend to increase the domestic costs of their production, should be subjected to careful reconsideration with a view to equalizing their effects.

The Commission finds it impossible to support any of the legislative proposals of the type represented by the McNary-Haugen bill and others designed to raise the domestic over the world market price by artificially restricting the supply of agricultural products in the home market. But the Commission does believe that the interests of American agriculture would be better served by intelligent and discriminating effort to diminish gradually those trade restrictions and tariffs on manufactured articles which tend to reduce the foreign market for our agricultural products. The more so, inasmuch as the shifting of the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation has further tended to increase the difficulty of American agriculture of marketing its products abroad. Until such time as the foreign market for farm products can be materially improved in this way, without at the same time injuring the domestic market, agriculture also should be given the fullest benefit of such tariffs as will protect its domestic market against foreign sources of agricultural supply.

2. The position of agriculture can be improved not only by governmental policies which facilitate the sound extension of markets for farm products, but also by measures which tend to reduce the wide fluctuations in prices and the hazards of loss due to changing natural and market conditions.

The Commission suggests that a Federal Farm Board, consisting of a small number of men appointed by the President, should be established to aid in the stabilization of prices and production in agriculture, by advising farmers and farm organizations fully and promptly regarding the planning of production and the marketing of crops. With the advice and assistance of the Federal Farm Board, effort should be made to organize stabilization corporations to engage in the buying and selling of farm products for the stabilizing of prices. The Federal Government should at no time hold a controlling interest in such corporations, altho it would participate in the management, and exercise supervision.

3. In view of the difficulties standing in the way of immediate government action designed to raise or stabilize farm prices and to extend the foreign markets for farm products, the chief immediate means of improving the economic position of the farmer must be sought in measures to reduce his costs of production.

The Commission feels that great emphasis should be placed upon the things the individual farmer himself can do to lower his production costs, the production methods of many farmers being far below the best technical and economic standards.

4. Important as are the opportunities for individual self-help, success of farmers in overcoming their own difficulties without outside aid depends mainly upon organized cooperative efforts in reducing production costs and market losses.

5. A balanced agricultural production, the highest efficiency of the agricultural industry, sustained prosperity of the farmer, and the preservation of the nation's natural resources can be attained only through a carefully planned policy of land utilization. Land classification, the Commission believes, can be successfully undertaken only by an agency entirely independent from the Federal Government, State governments and all business interests of regional or local character, because of the political considerations involved as well as the vast private business interests affected.

The Commission therefore proposes the creation of an independent organization endowed with adequate funds to undertake the classification of land resources and the development of a comprehensive plan for land utilization, which might be called the "National Agricultural Foundation." The ultimate aim of the foundation would be gradually to concentrate farmers on the best land, to cause the poorer or "submarginal" lands to be evacuated so that they could be turned over to grass or forests, either for the production of lumber or as game and fish preserves or for general recreational use. Such a foundation could also aid in the guidance of the population movement between farms and cities.

6. Earnest and effective cooperation is needed between the organizations of farmers, business men, manufacturers and other occupational groups to exercise watchfulness over local and State governmental expenditures, and to effect needed redistribution of the burden of farm taxes now resting with undue severity upon the farmers, and thereby endangering the economic interests of each State as a whole.

7. The States should so far as practicable relinquish the general property tax to the local governing units and obtain such revenue as they need through income, business, and excise taxes.

8. The machinery of agricultural credit, as it exists, being seriously defective and susceptible of great improvement, this problem should be energetically attacked.

9. Agriculture can be substantially benefited by readjustments of the railroad rate structure, the extension of waterway systems and other reductions in distribution costs.

As Washington considers this report, the prospect of getting a farm-relief bill through Congress takes "a big bound forward," writes William Hard in a Consolidated Press dispatch to the Washington *Star*. Mr. Hard reminds us that when representatives of the Farmers' Union, the Farm Bureau Federation, and the Grange met recently in Washington they failed to reach an agreement on the farm-relief bill. But the business men's report shows that something is going to be done for the farmers, whether their leaders agree or not. Now we have four farm-relief plans claiming the country's attention: the McNary-Haugen, the National Grange, the Jardine, and the new Business Men's plan. Coming to the main issues involved, Mr. Hard says of these plans:

They, all of them, in the first place, necessitate the creation of a new special Federal agency, commonly called a Federal Farm Board. That issue, therefore, may almost be regarded as settled.

Then we come to what the new board will do. Here we alight upon a most startling fact. The "Business Men's" plan goes farther, in a certain way, toward taking the Government into business than any of the three other plans. It is, in a certain sense, the most radical of the four.

Under the "Business Men's" plan the Federal Farm Board would buy stock in the "stabilization corporation," and would be represented in the directorate of the corporation and would

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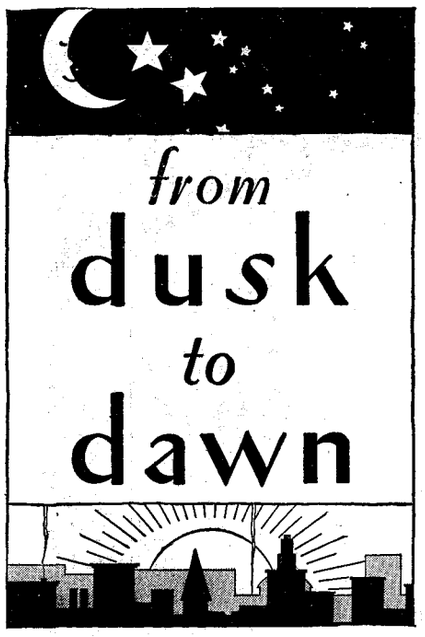

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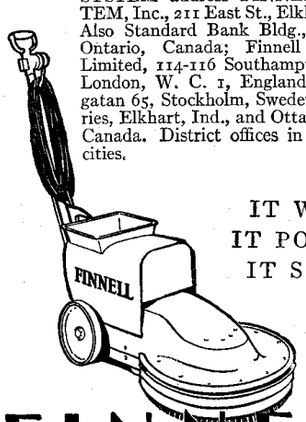

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

therefore be really and actually itself engaged in buying and selling.

When the drastic nature of this suggestion is considered, it becomes clear that the least that is going to happen is that the Federal Government, through a board, is going to enter even more deeply than at present into the business job of offering improved financial facilities to the agriculture of America.

Farm leaders in Washington are not exactly delighted with this report, according to O. M. Kile, who writes the "How Things Look to the Farmer" dispatches. "Good in many of its details, but weak on the main issue," is the way Chester H. Gray of the Farm Bureau Federation describes it. "After six years these business men come around and ask us to start in on a program we discarded shortly after the deflation of 1920 because we could get no help or cooperation from business interests," says another spokesman. And Mr. Kile finds it easy to understand why farm leaders do not hail with much enthusiasm "this belated suggestion from business leaders that efforts be now turned in the direction of readjustments as between business and agriculture." But it is thought refreshing that a business group should admit that agriculture's difficulties "are mainly traceable to the undue advantages that other groups have secured for themselves" through tariff laws, etc.

It is this suggestion of tariff revision for the benefit of the farmers that stirs up more controversy than anything else in the business men's report. In one of the weekly Washington bulletins of the accounting firm of Ernst and Ernst we are told that "this is the first important plea for tariff revision emanating from business interests, and will have the effect of stimulating tariff revision talk in Congress and in the Presidential campaign." The writer of this bulletin hears that many of the conclusions in the report are in harmony with Administration views, and "even tariff adjustment is not regarded askance by all elements of the Administration." But it is interesting to find only a day or so after the publication of the Nagel report that President Coolidge, according to the Washington dispatches, makes the definite statement that he will fight vigorously any attempt to bring relief to the farmer by reducing tariff duties on the various articles the farmer buys. And the tariff recommendations of the report meet with sharp criticism from such a leading protectionist newspaper as the Washington *Post:*

Here, in effect, is a demand that the manufacturing industry of the United States shall be made to suffer greater competition in the American market in order that foreigners may be enabled to buy more American farm products. We believe that this step, if taken, would be fatal to the prosperity of the Republic. American prosperity depends upon th employment of its people at living wage This employment, in turn, depends upo possession of the enormous American ma ket by American producers. Destroy th market and employment is destroyed; an with unemployment the farmer would fin his greatest market—the home market destroyed also. The increased foreig demand for American farm products even if it should increase—would be a pit ful return for the loss of the home marke which consumes the great bulk of all far products.

The tariff is not the cause of farm depre sion. On the contrary, it is the chief bu wark against farm disaster. Farm produc are protected by the tariff, and behind it protection workers in all industries ar enabled to find work at wages that permi them to consume practically all that th farmer produces.

HOW THEY SPEND THEIR DOLLARS IN SYRACUSE

WHY Syracuse? Well, it seems tha two such important fact-finding o ganizations as the United States Censu Bureau and the Chamber of Commerce o the United States are very much awake t the distribution problem confronting Ame ican business, and are making careful su veys of retail-spending in a dozen repre sentative cities—surveys which may som time lead to a national census of distribu tion, including the whole country. An Syracuse is one of the first cities surveyo and available for discussion. So now let u notice how the citizen of Syracuse, typical American city of 184,000 popula tion, spends his money.

Motor-cars figure so largely in all bus ness calculations that the United State Chamber of Commerce reminds us firs that motoring expenditures account fo about a sixth of the total retail sales i Syracuse, or nearly seventeen cents of th retail dollar: "Auto sales absorb 10½ cents of this, gasoline 3½ cents, and ac cessories 3 cents." Incidentally, Syracus spends more on automobiles in proportio to other merchandise than either Balt more (population 800,000) to the sout or Denver (population 285,000) far to th west, two other cities recently covered i the trade census:

For the three cities, the larger portion o the retail dollar goes for four classes o merchandise—food products, clothing, au tomobiles, and house furnishings. Syracus spends 27 cents for food, 22 cents for cloth ing, 17 cents for automobiles, and 7 cent for house furnishings.

Denver spends 28 cents for food, 2 cents for clothing, 16 cents for automobile and 8 cents for house furnishings.

Baltimore spends 31 cents for food, 2 cents for clothing, 9 cents for automobile and 8 cents for house furnishings.

In Syracuse, house furnishings a crowded out of fourth place by buildi material and heating supplies, which a count for 8 cents of the retail dollar.

Altho sales of food products are lower i Syracuse than in the other cities, meat an bakery products rank higher. The cit eats more meat and bread, and spends le for vegetables and dairy products. Th

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census also shows that less of the Syracuse dollar goes for tobacco than in Baltimore or Denver, while a great amount is spent for jewelry and silverware.

The common assertion that women put more money on their backs than men do is given statistical support by the figures from Syracuse:

Women of Syracuse spend four times as much for headgear as men, the census discloses. Millinery sales are more than $1,100,000 while expenditures for men's and boys' hats and caps are less than $300,000.

Totals for all purchases show that women are spending almost twice as much for clothing as the men of Syracuse. Sales of women's wearing apparel are slightly more in proportion than in Denver or Baltimore.

It may be a matter of sectional preference that people patronize chain stores and department stores less in Syracuse than they do in the other two cities. Department stores, for instance, do 9 per cent. of the business in Syracuse, 15 per cent. in Baltimore, and 16 per cent. in Denver. But a larger proportion of the city's total sales are made in five-and-ten-cent stores in Syracuse than in Denver or Baltimore. Syracuse department stores sell forty kinds of merchandise, with drug, dry-goods, and candy stores having almost as varied stocks. It seems that in Syracuse there are eighty inhabitants per store, seven more than in Denver or Baltimore. To quote further:

Average sales per establishment are higher in Syracuse, where they are more than $46,000 annually. In Denver average sales per store are $40,000, and in Baltimore they are $33,000.

Altho average retail sales are higher in Syracuse, average sales per wholesale establishment are lower than in the other cities—Syracuse, $367,000; Baltimore, $378,000; Denver, $444,000.

Both Denver and Baltimore do a larger wholesale business in comparison with retail trade than Syracuse. The largest wholesale business in Syracuse is coal, wood and ice, with groceries a close second, and meat, poultry and fish third. In Baltimore the largest wholesale trade is in dry-goods and notions, with hay, grain and feed second. In Denver live stock comes first, with automobiles second.

What are said to be the first figures ever obtained on wages in retail and wholesale trade are given in this report:

Salaries and wages are 11 per cent. of total retail sales in Syracuse. Nearly 12 per cent. of all sales go to employees in the form of wages in Baltimore, and in Denver salaries represent 13 per cent. of sales.

The percentage of sales which goes for wages in the wholesale trade of Syracuse is more than 6 per cent., while it is less than 6 per cent. in both Denver and Baltimore.

Tip for Santa Claus.—SALESMAN—"Something in golf apparel, madam?"

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Whether the penny-in-slot machine was invented B. C. or A. D.?
Why Julius Cæsar paid $750,000 for two pearls?
Where the largest theater in the world was for twenty centuries?
Why the first physicians had a trade union like the plumbers?
To whose private secretary much of the New Testament was dictated?
What Biblical city had better sanitation than many modern towns?
Way ancient churches were taxed more than the saloons were?
What Roman emperor had a 120-foot elevator in his home?
Why starving men and women were given tickets to the circus?

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is a sweeping and vivid portrait of the life and times at the dawn of the Christian era By CAMDEN M. COBERN, D.D., Litt.D., the celebrated archeologist and Egyptologist. The vast wealth of new findings about this epoch are here woven into a thrilling tale that reads like a novel. The historical characters of the period are made to live again in their own homes and offices, at work and at play. Streets long deserted again teem with traffic—crowds surge through the market places—the arenas again resound with the roar of the crowd and man-killing animals—farmers till their fields—slaves struggle under the lash—all in this realistic restoration of a most vital epoch in the world's history. The volume is filled with surprize and suspense, the amazing culture developed, the wide-spread ranges of commerce, the great water fleets, the marvelous highways, the astonishing extravagances of the rich, the plight of the poor, the enormously high cost of living, and the radical change invoked by the spread of the new-born Christian religion.

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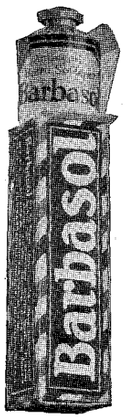

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

November 10.—The Nobel prize for physics for 1927 will be divided, it is announced in Stockholm, Sweden, between Prof. Arthur Compton of Chicago and Prof. Charles T. R. Wilson of Cambridge University. The 1926 Nobel prize for literature goes to the Italian author, Signora Grazia Deledda, the second woman to win this prize.

November 11.—The Fascist Grand Council announces that a new parliamentary system will be created on the basis, not of popular elections, but on the representation of various categories of the "productive organizations" of the country, popular elections being formally abolished.

November 12.—Hankow, China, is set afire by the evacuating troops of Gen. Tang Shen-tse, who then loot the city.

November 13.—An attempt is made to assassinate Gen. Alvaro Obregon, former President of Mexico, and a candidate again for the Presidency.

November 14.—Mihail Manoilescu, former Under Secretary of State of Roumania, is acquitted of the charge of conspiring to restore former Crown Prince Carol to his rights of succession to the Roumanian throne.

November 15.—The killing of six rebels and the wounding of seven others in a battle with United States Marines on November 13 is reported in Managua, Nicaragua.

DOMESTIC

November 9.—Edward N. Hurley, wartime chief of the United States Shipping Board, in a letter to the Board members, urges a Congressional appropriation of a revolving merchant marine fund of $500,000,000, to be loaned at 2½ per cent., to private interests for the building of freight and passenger ships.

November 10.—Sheldon Clark of Chicago, vice-president and general manager of the Sinclair Refining Company, is arrested in connection with the jury-tampering case in the Sinclair-Fall trial, and is bailed in the sum of $10,000.

November 11.—J. L. Ralston, Canadian Minister of National Defense, unveils Canada's "Cross of Sacrifice" in Arlington National Cemetery in memory of the Americans who fell fighting with the Dominion troops.

November 13.—Eight people are killed in an apartment hotel fire in Indianapolis.

November 14.—President Coolidge confers the Hubbard Medal of the National Geographic Society on Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, the eighth person to receive it during nearly forty years of the existence of the society.

A gas-tank of the Manchester plant of the Equitable Gas Company in Pittsburgh explodes and kills many people, and causes millions of dollars' worth of damage. Twenty-three people are known to be dead, and thirty-two are reported missing.

November 15.—Any general reduction of import duties now is opposed in a declaration adopted by the resolutions committee of the American Farm Congress, in session at Kansas City.

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications

a, an.—"G. A. O.," Boston, Mass.—According to best American usage, the indefinite article *a* is used rather than *an* before an aspirate *h*, but the use of *an* before an aspirate *h* is very old and may be found in Shakespeare's plays. As explained in the dictionary, "*An* hair occurs once; *a* hair often." In the Bible (1611) and Shakespeare (1623) *a* is regular before all consonant sounds, including *h* and *u* and *eu* when pronounced *yu*.

couple.—"S. C. B.," Alhambra, Calif.—The word *couple* is used in English mainly to designate two. This expression "a *couple* of pounds" means two pounds, just as, "We spent a *couple* of hours exploring the ruins" means "We spent two hours exploring the ruins." In colloquial speech, particularly among those who are careless of their diction, the word *couple* is used to designate a small but indefinite amount, as when one says, in speaking of another, "He has a *couple* of dollars in the bank," meaning that he has a small amount of money in the bank. Such use, however, is not sanctioned by careful speakers and writers, and therefore, is not recorded in the dictionaries.

duke, sur.—"M. A.," New York City.—(1) The word *duke* is pronounced as if written *diuk*. It should never be pronounced as if written *dook*. (2) The "u" in the French word *sur* is pronounced as the "u" in the word *dune*, or the French word *une*, the sound of the "u" being influenced by the "r" that follows. We have no exact equivalent of it in the English language.

endosmose, exosmose.—"T. E. C.," Philadelphia, Pa.—*Endosmose* is defined as *osmose*, from an outer vessel to one contained within it, specifically *osmose*, in that direction in which the liquid or gas transverses the septum most *rapidly*. *Exosmose* is *osmose* from an inner to an outer vessel, or *osmose* in that direction in which the liquid or gas crosses the septum most *slowly*. In physics *osmose* is defined as the mixing, or tending to mix, of two liquids or two gases by passage through a membrane or porous wall separating them. In general, solutions of crystalline substances, as salts, are subject to *osmose*, but those of colloids, or gummy bodies, are not. In *osmose*, each liquid or gas passes through the partition into the other, but generally one (usually, but not always, the thinner or less concentrated) does so with greater rapidity than the other, so that there is soon a difference of pressure or of volume on the two sides. The more rapid passage is properly called *endosmose*, and the slower *exosmose*, tho these names are sometimes given respectively to inward and outward *osmose* without relation to the rapidity of the process. The phenomena of *osmose* play an important part in vital processes, in both animals and vegetables.

galuchat.—"F. M.," New York City.—This is a French term that designates "shagreen made into ornamental leather. The word is pronounced *ga''lu''sha'*—first *g* as in *artistic*, *u* as in French *dune*, *sh* as in *ship*, second *a* as in *art*. It is derived from the name of the man who first introduced it.

knock out.—"R. R. W.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The term *knock out* with the sense to strike or dash out with a heavy blow, dates from Shakespearian times, and the modern pugilistic sense is merely an extension of the original. In the First Part of *Henry VI.*, you will find a reference to "many having their giddy brains *knocked out*." In Peacock's "Observations" referring to the state of Cambridge in the year 1574, we are told that "if a father calls upon his children to answer, reply, and make an argument to anything that he propound, then the bedle shall *knock* him *out*."

At one time *knock out* was a term restricted to cheap auction rooms where one of a gang was told off to buy up the rest. He was known as the *knock out*.

The pugilistic term, "to *knock out of time*," that is, to disable an opponent so that he is unable to respond to the call of time, was used in literature by Wallace in his novel, "Only a Sister," in 1890. He said: "They call it *knocked out of time* when a fellow doesn't come to at once." In the modern vernacular the term is sometimes used to describe that which is or was superexcellent; as, "the show was a *knock out*," that is, "stunning."

linage, theater, gruelling.—"J. S. A.," Jersey City, N. J.—(1) The form *linage* or *lineage* is accepted as cant belonging to the advertising world. It is used also, in England, in computing literary work paid for by the line, but *lineage* is preferred there. (2) With regard to the spellings of the word *theater*, both *theater* and *theatre* are in good use. The simpler form has been in use in the United States for more than a century of time, and is accepted as American orthography as distinguished from English orthography, in which the *re* form is used. (3) *Gruelling* is a colloquialism, and is the past participle of the verb *to gruel*, which means "to wear out, to disable, to punish"—a *gruelling* being a thrashing. The word is used also as an adjective, and means severe and exhausting, as a *gruelling* game of football.

misspelt, misspelled.—"J. W. Y.," New York City.—You are quite right in your contention that the past participle of *misspell* may be spelt *misspelt*, or if preferred, *misspelled*. The fact is that the word *spell* has two past participles, both in good use, *spelled* or *spelt*, and the same form may be used when the prefix *mis-* is attached to the parent word.

pair.—"W. T. M.," Neosho, Mo.—The word *pair* when applied to twin birth implies only two children, exactly as a *pair* of gloves consists of only two gloves. Therefore, a *pair of twins does not* consist of a quantity. To express the thought that you submit the Lexicographer would say *three pairs of twins*.

Philippines, Filipinos.—"A. K. V.," Los Angeles, Calif.—The difference in the spelling of the word *Philippines* and *Filipinos* is due to the fact that one is an English form and the other is a Spanish form. The Spanish *Felipe* is rendered in English *Philip*.

"set the Thames on fire."—"R. H.," New York City.—This expression is so old that its origin has almost been forgotten. Some of us still believe that the River Thames in England is referred to in the expression, but the *temse*—spelled *t-e-m-s-e*—is the channel in which a shuttle travels to and fro, and when one makes use of the expression that some one "will never set the temse on fire," one means merely that the person referred to will never work fast enough to cause sufficient friction to create heat enough to burn the temse or groove, in which the fly-shuttle moves.

The first use of the phrase is to be credited to the dramatist Foote who introduced it in his "Trip to Calais" in 1778, but in 1733, or more than fifty years before, the *temse* or *fly-shuttle* was invented by John Kay, and the expression grew out of the invention.

The New English Dictionary denies the claim made in 1865 by a correspondent to "Notes and Queries," presumably because the *temse*, defined in that work, is described as "a sieve, a strainer"; but by one of those unhappy oversights, the editor completely overlooked (1) a wooden vessel for carrying water (which certainly is not a sieve), and (2) a channel. Modern English dictionaries have neglected the cant or dialects of different callings.

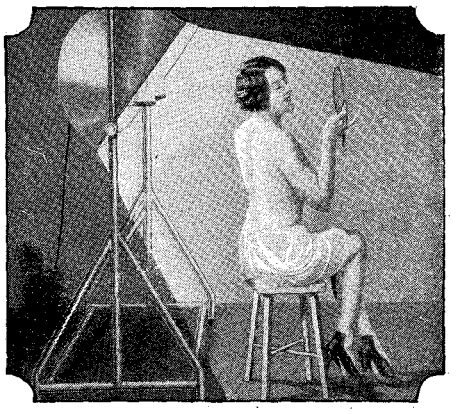
Somerset Maugham.—"S. P. D.," Drake's Branch, Va.—This name is pronounced *sum'ar-set morm*—*u* as in *but*, *e* as in *over*, *e* as in *get*, *o* as in *morn*.

third degree, egg, says.—"D. H. S.," Vancouver, Can.—(1) The *third degree*, in police terms, is the practise of so treating a prisoner, or an accomplice of a prisoner, suspected of a crime, as to secure from him information concerning it. In the United States law, murder is rated according to degree, as murder in the first degree, second degree, or third degree. (2) The pronunciation *ayg* for *egg* is a dialectal survival of a pronunciation once current. (3) The word *says* is pronounced as one syllable in English and as if written *sez*, but in some parts of the English-speaking world as if written *say-is*. This is purely dialectal.

"D. V. H.," Jacksonville, Fla.—The phrase "All Quiet Along the Potomac" is described as proverbial" by Miss Kate L. Roberts, in the "New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations." She tells us also that Ethel Lynn Beers, who was born in 1827 and died in 1879, was the author of a poem called, "The Picket Guard," a stanza of which reads:

"All quiet along the Potomac they say
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

Miss Roberts notes the fact that the poem was claimed for Lamar Fontaine. In 1886 Dr. Rossiter Johnson told us, in "Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography," that Ethel Lynn, who married William H. Beers, wrote her most noted poem, now known as "All Quiet Along the Potomac," originally under the title "The Picket Guard." It appeared in the issue of *Harper's Weekly* for November 30, 1861. Mrs. Beers, writing in a private letter, said: "The poor 'Picket' has had so many *authentic* claimants and willing sponsors, that I sometimes question myself whether I did really write it that cool September morning, after reading the stereotyped announcement, 'All Quiet,' etc., to which was added in small type, 'A Picket Shot.'" The title was suggested by this line oft-repeated in the press dispatches during the first year of the Civil War.



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When Humility Blossoms.—Some men are born meek and others get married.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

When Prof. Flintax Sat on a Tack.—Dr. Slossom Declares Life Appeared 1,000,000,000 Years Ago in Chautauqua Lecture.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

Getting Ahead of the Joneses.—This would be a terrible world for a lot of people if everything was the same price and they couldn't have things better than other folks.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Woman Who Did.—A complicated traffic tangle was caused recently by a lady motorist who signaled that she was about to turn to the right and did so.—*London Opinion.*

Pass the Soap.—John —— attended the fifteenth wedding anniversary of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ed.—— of Minneapolis, Sunday.—*Minnetonka paper.*

Sic Semper Tyrannis.—IKE—"What's the millennium?"

MIKE—"That's the time that's coming when auto operators can sit in the rear seat and watch the back-seat drivers taking a test."—*Allston (Mass.) Recorder.*

Missing Kick.—"How is Simpson getting along in business?"

"Wonderfully; but he's terribly discouraged."

"How's that?"

"Well, they're so busy filling and shipping orders they haven't any time to hold a conference."—*Life.*

Why So Few?—

FOUR GIRLS CHOSEN
TO DISPLAY CALVES
DURING STATE FAIR

—*Minnesota paper.*

No Accounting for Tastes.—INEBRIATE—"Whash ya looking for?"

COP—"We're looking for a drowned man."

INEBRIATE—"Whash ya want one for?"—*Allston (Mass.) Recorder.*

Is This British Propaganda?—It was not leap year when Queen Victoria offered her heart and hand to Prince Albert, whom etiquette prevented from proposing to the queen of England, but Sir Robert Peel declared that his Sovereign was "as full of love as Joliet."—*Chicago paper.*

How to Tickle Your Wife.—"So you have forgotten our wedding anniversary," she said bitterly.

"How could I remember it?" he inquired. "Time has slipped away so fast and so happily that the wedding seems but yesterday."—*Washington Star.*

Biddy's Husky Rivals.—County Agent C. E. Rowland is planning an egg-laying contest for men of the county.—*Minot (N. D.) paper.*

Looping the Loop.—"What size bank is the one you work in?"

"Well, it takes a good story two weeks to get from the president back to the president."—*College Humor.*

No Laundry Soap Coupons?—The house of J. L. Lewis was entered Sunday by burglars; 95 cents in money and 3 two-cent postage stamps was taken from the sewing-machine drawer.—*Johnson City (Tenn.) paper.*

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A DELICATE OPERATION

BEAUTY SURGEON: "What can I do for you, madam?"
MADAM: "I want you to make my nose saucy."—*Life.*

Shining Up the Halo.—

To see ourselves as others see us
Would not from many follies free us.
If we ourselves could pick the "others"—
Our sweethearts and our doting mothers.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Sorry He Spoke.—The doctor had forgotten his patient's name; but, not willing to admit it, said, "Is your name spelled with 'i' or 'e'?"

The astonished patient answered, "Why, doctor, my name is Hill."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Syncopated American History.—8. Delaware is named for Thomas West, Lord de La War, who after his death was condemned to eternal hunger and thirst, altho he stood in water to his chin, with delicious fruits overhead.—*"What's the Answer?" column in the San Francisco Examiner.*

Canning the Patter.—A barber was much surprized to receive a tip before he had cut his customer's hair.

"Thank you, sir! It isn't many who tip us first," he said.

"That isn't a tip," snapped the man in the chair. "That's hush money."—*Answers.*

Mass Meeting.—Mate already had wife when he wed herd, plaintiff says.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Urgent Engagement.—"What is wind, Karl?"

"Wind, teacher, is air in a hurry."—*Lustige Kolner Zeitung (Cologne).*

Jazzing the Exit.—It was a deathbed scene, and the director was not satisfied with the hero's acting.

"Come on," he cried; "put more life in your dying!"—*Louisville Satyr.*

Football de Luxe.—The game will begin at 7 P. M. and is to be played with the aid of moonshine and electric lights.—*Boston Globe.*

We'll Give $10.95.—$11—5 ACRE farm close in, 2½ acres potatoes, 300 chickens, Jersey cow and heifer 6 months old, for sale.—*Oregon paper.*

Then the Parking Age.—A girl has hardly passed the spanking age nowadays before she reaches the sparking age.—*Boston Transcript.*

Abshlootly, Hic!—He reiterated his deiterated his desire that prohhibition should be made an issue in the next Presidential campaign.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Bantering Breezes.—In round numbers there are 100 tornadoes in the United States every year; 250 people kidded by them, and $8,000,000 damage done to property.—*Texas paper.*

Mister Grandma.—WIFE—"Now that I have had my hair bobbed, I don't think I look so much like an old lady."

HUSBAND—"No. Now you look like an old gentleman."—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

Good Night, Ladies.—Leicester, Sept. 8.—Mrs. Esther Lamb of Auburn street, left yesterday for New Haven, Connecticut, where she will hibernate with her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Rowland, formerly of this town.—*Worcester (Mass.) paper.*

Domestic Compliments.—

NOTICE

Floyd —— could not say I left his bed for he doesn't own any. The reason I went away Thursday morning, he slapped me without any reason. MRS. RUTH——.—*Stroudsburg (Pa.) Record.*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I paid no $8 for socking my wife. She brought no charges against me. I paid $5 for disorderly conduct and $3 for Chief Swink's shirt that he says I tore off him. It was the bystanders that caused all the trouble. (Signed) WILLIAM WIDDOS.—*Stroudsburg (Pa.) Record*

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